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REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

We publish on this page a portrait of **Rear-Admiral Farragut**, the hero of the day, from a photograph just taken by **Mr. Brady**.

David Glasgow Farragut was born near Knoxville, Tenn., about the year 1803, and is now sixty years of age. His father was an officer in the army, well known to and much esteemed by General **Jackson**. When only nine years of age little David determined to be a sailor, and was taken by Commodore **Porter** on board the *Essex* as midshipman. He shared the fortunes of that famous craft in her memorable cruise in the Pacific, and took part in the battle off Valparaiso. A person who is familiar with the facts tells the following story of the boy's behavior on that occasion:

> He was ordered by the Commodore, while the contest was at its height, to go below and bring up some friction-tubes that were needed for the guns. While descending the ward-room ladder the captain of the gun directly opposite was struck full upon the face by an 18-pounder shot. He fell back against **Farragut**, and they both tumbled down the hatchway. The man was a stout, heavy fellow, and it was fortunate for the young midshipman that his full weight did not fall upon him as they reached the deck. As it was, the lad was severely stunned; and recovering, as if awakening from a dream, he ran upon deck. Commodore **Porter**, seeing him covered with blood, inquired,
>
> "Are you wounded?"
>
> "I believe not," was the reply.
>
> "Then where are the tubes?" asked the Commodore.
>
> The words brought him to his senses, and he immediately went below and got them.
>
> When at last it was determined to surrender the brave little brig the Commodore sent **Farragut** to throw overboard the signal-book, in order that the enemy should not come into possession of our code, it being reported that the signal-master could not be found. After a protracted search the lad discovered the book upon the sill of one of the ports, and at once threw it overboard. A few minutes afterward the recusant signal-master appeared, and excused himself for being absent from his post by stating that he had been over the side to extricate the book from the wreck, where it had lodged; but the falsehood cost him dearly.
>
> During all this time young **Farragut** bore himself like a man, never shedding a tear until he saw the American colors hauled down, and *then* he sobbed like a child. From this heavy grief he was soon aroused, however, by hearing an English middy exultingly shout to his men, "Prize-oh, boys! here's a fine grunter, by Jove!" He knew the young reefer alluded to a young porker that had been petted by himself and all the sailors, and had helped to beguile away many a weary hour; therefore he energetically laid claim to the animal. "But," said the Englishman, "you're a prisoner, and your pig too." "We always respect private property," said **Farragut**, and he seized the squealing bone of contention, asserting that he should retain possession until compelled to yield to superior force. Here was sport for the older officers, who called out, "Go it, little Yankee; and if you can thrash 'Shorty' (a *sobriquet* for English middies) you shall have your pig." "Agreed," said **Farragut**; and the lads went at it in pugilistic style. "Shorty" soon failed to come to time, and the victor walked off with the pig under his arm. He afterward remarked that he felt, in mastering the young Englishman, that he had wiped out the disgrace of being captured.

On another occasion he was placed in command of a prize-vessel, when only thirteen years of age. The original captain of the prize became very turbulent, and threatened to interfere with the navigation of the ship. **Farragut** reported him accordingly to the *Essex*, upon which the man excused himself by saying that he only meant to "frighten the boy."

"Ask him, Sir," replied **Farragut** to his captain, "how he succeeded."

The boy resumed command of the prize and took her safely into port.

At the close of the war young **Farragut** was sent to school, and thence into the navy. His life, for the next forty years, was the usual routine of a sailor's life in peace-time, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. He spent some time in South America, and, it is believed, took part in some of the revolutionary contests which are indigenous to that continent. He married, too, his wife being a Southern lady, and settled at Norfolk, Virginia, where he purchased some little property. The rebellion found him living there, surrounded by Southerners whose sympathies were all with the rebels. How he left Norfolk the following extract from the *Times* tells:

> On the 18th of April he left Norfolk, just the night before the Navy-yard was burned, and no better proof of his loyalty can be given than the fact of the premeditated attack upon the Navy-yard at Norfolk being kept a secret from him. The morning before leaving Norfolk he was expressing very decidedly his opposition to the course of the Southern people, when he was told by some of the leading men and naval officers, residents of the place, that he could not remain there with such sentiments. "Then I will go where I can live with just such sentiments," was his reply; and he accordingly went home and notified his family that they must get ready to leave for New York in a few hours. He arrived in Baltimore to learn that the track had been torn up the day before, and had great difficulty in getting a passage for himself and family in a canal-boat. This was accomplished, however, after a few hours' delay, and they managed to arrive safely at New York. He immediately sought a cottage at Hastings, upon the Hudson, in which to place his family, removed from the excitement of the times, so that he could be assured of their safety when he was called upon to go forth and battle for his country. With that same freshness of feeling and devotion that he possessed when a midshipman on board the *Essex* he obeyed the call. Had Admiral **Farragut** remained in Norfolk *one* day longer he would have been imprisoned, as was the fate of one Union officer, to whose disgrace be it said, that, after remaining a few hours in prison, he yielded to the Southern coercionists and joined their navy. The Admiral says he does not deserve so much credit for his prompt action in this matter, as, having had so much experience in the revolutionary countries of South America, he was well posted as to what might be expected from revolutionary times.

We believe that his anger at the loss of the *Merrimac* was freely expressed to every one he met, and that he told the Government that *he* (**Farragut**) could have saved her, and would have done so had he received orders, even if the effort had cost the whole town of Norfolk. There is only too much reason to believe that one man of **Farragut**'s nerve might have saved us the *Merrimac* and the Navy-yard, the consequences of which upon the course of the war can hardly be overestimated.

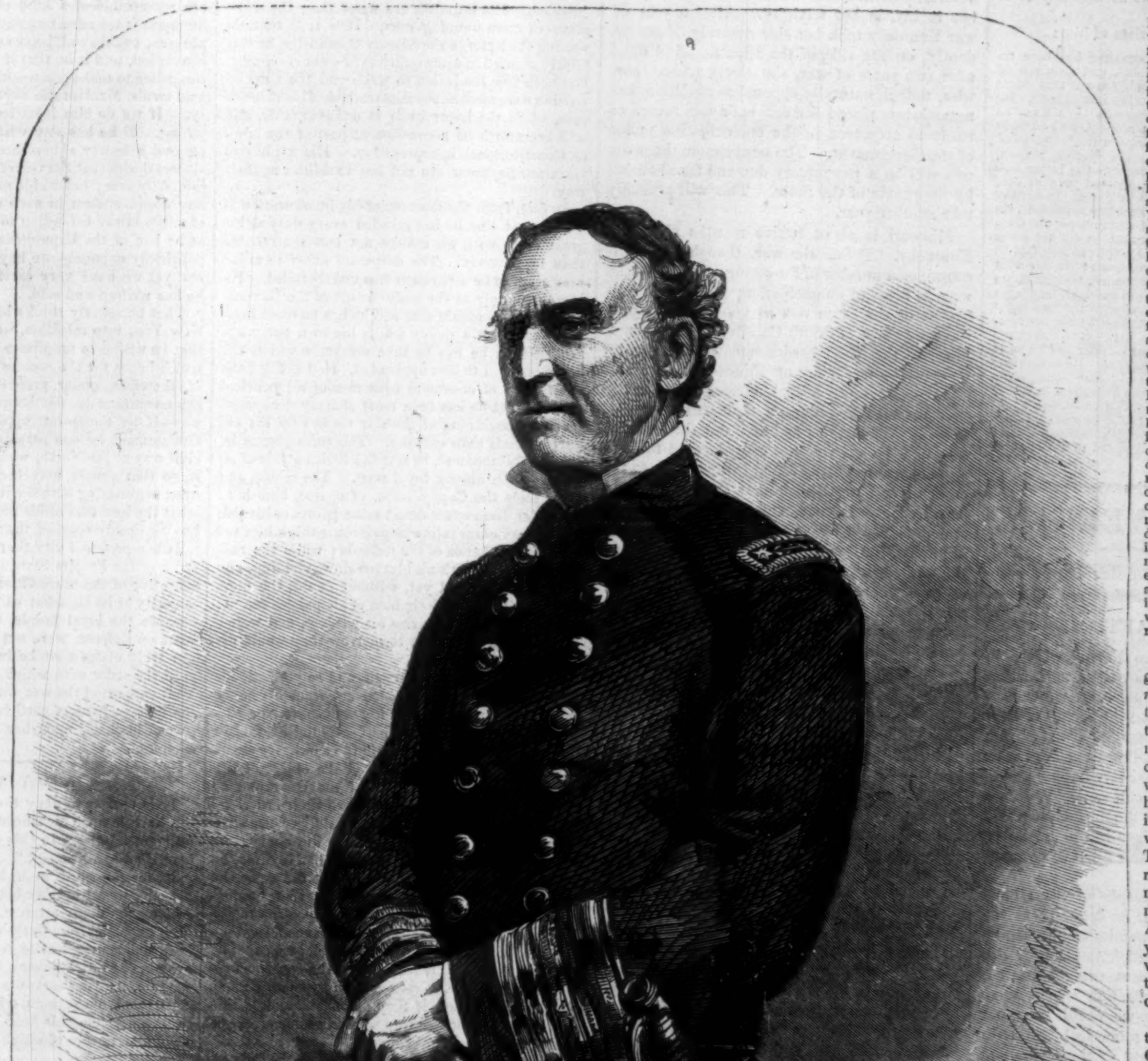
For some months after the outbreak of the war Captain **Farragut** was without a command, partly because the Department had no vessels. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to lead it. He entered the Mississippi River early in March, 1862. On 17th April **Porter**'s mortar-fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on 24th Commodore **Farragut**, with his entire fleet, ran past the forts, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats, including several iron-clads, fire-rafts, obstructions and torpedoes innumerable. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers, who had been to New Orleans, laughed outright at the bare notion of running the batteries, and indulged in characteristic sneers at the insanity of the project. Commodore **Goldsborough** first heard the news from a newspaper correspondent, who boarded the *Minnesota* at Fortress Monroe, on his way north with dispatches. The conversation is said to have run somewhat in this wise:

Reporter. "Commodore, I have the pleasure of informing you that Commodore **Farragut** has run past Forts Philip and Jackson with his fleet, and taken New Orleans."

Commodore. "Run past the batteries?"

Reporter. "Yes, Sir."

Commodore. "It's not true, Sir—it's a lie! It couldn't be done."



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[Photographed by Brady.]

And *exit* Commodore in great wrath.

It was done, however, as every one knows; and at a late hour on 25th April, 1862, the Commodore anchored off the city of New Orleans, and sent word ashore that all rebel flags must come down.

From that time to the present the Admiral (for he was immediately promoted to that rank) has been intensely active. He has run almost every rebel battery on the Mississippi, silenced a large number, and only left the river when there were no more to silence. The part he took in the reduction of Port Hudson was most important. He came here, in fact, when his work was done; and in the hope that the Administration would find him new fields of glory.

Of all our naval commanders he ranks, without question, as the first—the naval hero of the war.

His arrival here was a scene of great excitement. A crowd assembled to welcome him; the foreign vessels in the bay and the forts thundered glad salutes, which were grimly returned by the old *Hartford;* the city tendered him civic hospitalities; the Government sent for him to thank him personally for what he had done for his country. If any man should feel proud at this day it is DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

One who knows him well writes of him:

> From his childhood Admiral FARRAGUT has been remarkably self-reliant and determined, and although of very amiable disposition, never would consent that others should do for him what he could perform for himself. Industry is a decided trait in his character. When not on active duty he has always been a student, and while in foreign ports never neglected to acquire the language of the people. At one time he spoke the Spanish, French, Italian, and Arabic with great fluency—the latter language he acquired when he was eighteen years of age, during a residence of nine months in Tunis. In connection with his Arabic the following anecdote is related. On approaching some islands in the Mediterranean, the Captain of the ship remarked on deck that he did not know how they were to converse with the people, as they had no interpreter. At that moment a boat came alongside with some of the natives, and an officer replied, "Captain, we have an officer on board who seems to speak all languages intuitively; he is doubtless in league with the 'old boy;' but suppose you send for him, and see if he can not communicate with these people." So Lieutenant FARRAGUT was called for, and told in a peculiar manner that he must show if what he was accused of was true. He looked into the boat, and seeing an old Arabian woman, immediately commenced conversing, and transacted for the ship all the trading. Imagine the surprise of all on board, as FARRAGUT did not tell them that it was Arabic he was speaking, and so he kept up the joke for some time, amused to hear them often repeat "that he was indebted to the devil for such a gift."

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1863.

THE DRAFT.

THE "revolution in the North" which, in the opinion of the journalists at London and Richmond, was to counterbalance our successes on the Mississippi and the retreat of Lee, is at an end. The draft has been, or is being enforced every where, including the city of New York, and there is no longer any question as to whether the people will submit to it. Within a fortnight from this time all the drafted men will either have taken their place in the armies of the Union, or have paid their $300 to Government.

The notion that the people of the United States would not submit to be drafted was the last plank to which the enemies of the Union clung. It was realized at Richmond and in England that, with our present vantage-ground, the suppression of the rebellion was a mere question of time, if only we could keep our armies up to a proper numerical strength. Hence the hysterical delight of the Richmond papers over the anti-draft riot in New York, and the ponderous disquisitions of the London press upon the impossibility of enforcing a conscription among the Northern masses. In this, as in so many other cases, the wish was father to the thought; but the event has disappointed both.

We shall commence the Fall campaign with our armies fully recruited to the war standard, and with such advantages over the enemy in point of numbers, material of war, position, prestige, and experienced leadership as to render our success reasonably certain. Mobile, Charleston, and Chattanooga ought to be in our hands before Christmas.

And—what is scarcely of less importance—we shall have made a precedent for all future time that may save us many a war. No politician of any standing will dare hereafter to question the right of the Government to the armed service of all citizens; and foreign nations which quarrel with us will understand that they have to deal with a Power which can place five millions of soldiers in the field.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE election of Mr. Bramlette as Governor of Kentucky by a majority of some 50,000 or more may be considered as settling the disputed question as to the opinion of that State on the issues of the day. Notwithstanding the President's proclamation, and notwithstanding the fact that almost every large household in Kentucky has some young member or friend in the rebel army, the majority against secession and in favor of Union is unprecedented in the electoral history of the State. It is true that the successful candidate, Mr. Bramlette, declared himself opposed to the emancipation proclamation. But he just as decidedly declared himself opposed to all unconstitutional or revolutionary opposition to any law of Congress or legitimate act of the Executive; and he pledged himself merely to seek the reversal of the policy of the President by peaceful constitutional action. In view, therefore, of the probable anti-slavery majority in the House and the decided anti-slavery majority in the Senate, to say nothing of the pretty well determined anti-slavery views of the President, we may fairly infer that Mr. Bramlette, the Governor elect of Kentucky, is prepared to yield a cheerful acquiescence to the anti-slavery policy of the Government, as soon as he ascertains that he can not reverse or alter it by peaceful constitutional opposition. And this, we think, is very considerable progress. When the war began the Kentucky Senators and the Governor, together with so many of the people that Generals Sherman and Anderson pronounced them a decided majority, were on the side of the rebellion. After the war had commenced Kentucky wanted to be neutral, and notified the General Government not to invade her territory. After a year of war Kentucky took her side squarely, if not ardently, on the side of the Union. And now, after two years of war, she elects a Governor, who, though naturally opposed to abolition, has nevertheless placed himself upon the record as ready to acquiesce in the emancipation policy of the Government. The next step in the progress will be a peremptory demand for abolition by the people of the State. This will probably take another year.

Missouri is about twelve months ahead of Kentucky. Before the war, though St. Louis contained a number of far-seeing merchants who were in favor of emancipation, the general sentiment of the State was as unequivocally pro-slavery as that of South Carolina. It was from Missouri that the "border-ruffians" hailed, who strove to force slavery on Kansas with fire and sword. No more ardent advocates of slavery ever went to Washington than Atchison and Green. When the war broke out the Legislature of Missouri was not only devoted to slavery, but was so closely allied in sentiment to the other slave State Legislatures that, but for the hero Lyon, we might have had to take St. Louis and Jefferson City as we took Nashville and Memphis. After the proclamation of Frémont the anti-slavery sentiment made great progress, especially among the Germans, and a Governor was elected—Mr. Gamble—who, though far from being an abolitionist, believed that there were other interests in Missouri besides slavery. When Congress adopted the President's recommendation to pay for emancipated slaves the anti-slavery impulse in Missouri received a further impulse, and a Convention was held in June last, at which it was determined to abolish slavery in eight years. This resolution, which would have seemed revolutionary and monstrous three years ago, has not satisfied the people of Missouri. They are not content to wait eight years for immigration and high prices for land. Accordingly another Convention will be called by the next Legislature, which will undoubtedly abolish slavery at once. This is very fair progress.

In Maryland the development of anti-slavery views has not, as yet, made its appearance on the surface of the political arena. But the tone of leading newspapers, and the price of slaves—a large slaveholder the other day had his entire stock assessed at $5 a head—indicate plainly enough that within a short period Maryland will, of her own free action, get rid of the incubus of slavery.

It is possible that the Border States, rapidly as they are improving in public sentiment, may yet be outstripped in the race toward freedom by some of their more Southern sisters. The destruction of slavery, as an economic and productive institution, is complete on the sea-coast of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in nearly half of Virginia, in more than half of Louisiana, and in the Mississippi Valley. No other system of labor has yet been substituted. In some localities all the adult male negroes are taken for the army. In others they are hired out, sometimes by their old masters. But as a general rule, wherever slavery has been abolished by military rule chaos has succeeded, and desolation rules the plain. Now it is obvious that this state of things can not last long. An intelligent and industrious nation of twenty-five millions of whites will not long permit fertile land to lie idle when cotton is worth 65 cents, sugar 8 cents, and tobacco 18 cents. Sooner or later pride, prejudice, and passion will yield to the dictates of interest, and attempts will be made to reorganize labor. There have already been such attempts, spasmodic and partial, in Louisiana. When the Fall campaign has firmly secured to us the entire productive area of that State, together with the western part of Mississippi, and the valleys of Arkansas, we may feel assured that those attempts will be renewed, and on a general plan. This will be General Banks's work. And there are those among his friends who are not without the hope that, as early as next winter, a delegation of regularly-elected Congressmen from Louisiana will present themselves at Washington with a free State Constitution in their hand, and a platform of principles which will render them co-workers with the delegations from Massachusetts and Illinois.

For the world will keep moving. Here, in the great commercial metropolis, where every man who is not engrossed in making money is engrossed in spending it, we have lineal descendants of Galileo's Judges, who deafen us with daily eulogies of slavery as it was, and denounce all progress as the work of the devil, or the radicals—which means the same thing. But the world does not stop for their croaking, and planters in Louisiana and Mississippi, when placed in the dilemma of choosing between free negro labor on the one hand, and no labor at all on the other, will not feel much sympathy with Northern politicians who are so enamored of slavery that they would rather see planters starve than negroes free.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE practical sagacity of the President is daily justified. His impulses are wiser than the wary plans of more cunning men. It is true that, in writing the letter to the Albany Committee, he was faintly accused in some quarters of want of dignity. But both the resolution to write and the time of writing were most happy illustrations of his shrewdness, while the letter itself is unanswerable, and will henceforth be a constituent part of the body of Constitutional interpretation. His replies to Governor Seymour are not less excellent in their way.

In fact, from the moment of his inauguration it will appear that he has fulfilled every duty of his great office with an ability not less remarkable than his honesty. The desperate effort to make him seem to be a partisan has utterly failed. He has aimed only at the maintenance of the Government; and to secure that end he has no more hesitated to adopt a policy which his own party approved than he has to take measures which the party opposed to him applauded. He has filled the chief posts of command with men of all political views. Yet he has been most sharply denounced from the beginning of the war no less by his old party friends than enemies. The consequence is, that, at this moment, he stands a little outside of all parties even among loyal men. The rebels, and their tools the Copperheads, of course, hate him. The War Democrats doubt some points of his policy. The Conservative Republicans think him too much in the hands of the radicals; while the radical Republicans think him too slow, yielding, and half-hearted. And yet, without doubt, the more thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties can not but see how time confirms his wisdom, and were a President to be named to-morrow they would declare for Mr. Lincoln.

So calm is his temperament, and so patriotic his policy, that the emancipation act from his hands could not seem, and never has seemed, to be a partisan movement. From the beginning he did not doubt the right of emancipation as a military measure. But he carefully declared the object of the war to be the maintenance of the Government. When Frémont and Hunter issued their orders he quietly revoked them, not, as he said, because such measures were wrong, but because in his view the time for them had not come, and when it came, he must exercise the power. When it did come, he warned the rebels last September that he had never doubted the possible military necessity might arise; that a military measure so grave and so long agitated should not be summarily adopted; that he admonished them, if they feared the consequences of such a measure, to escape them by submission to the laws; and that if they did not submit within three months the measure would become a part of the policy of the Government.

The rebels sneered, and their allies the Copperheads organized. The disastrous failure of M'Clellan's and Pope's campaigns, with the retirement of Lee in good order after Antietam, the long inaction of the autumn, and the removal of M'Clellan, dispirited many and disaffected some to the war. The consequences were seen in the elections. Mr. Horatio Seymour is a specimen of the result. But the President did not waver. The country was to be saved, if at all, by a policy which was not approved by the virtual friends of the rebellion. The opposition of such gentlemen as Mr. Seymour and his managers was the conclusive argument for that policy. Therefore, on the 1st of January, the order of emancipation was issued and all persons held on that day as slaves within specified limits were freed.

To that order, and the policy which dictated it, every sincerely loyal man accedes. For it was clearly not an act of the President, as a partisan Republican, but as Commander-in-Chief, sworn to defend the Government by every military resource. The loyal men who sustain it to-day are of all the late political parties and of all shades of opinion in regard to Slavery. The order was not issued by the Commander-in-Chief, nor is it supported by the loyal country, because slavery is wrong, but because it helps the enemy. Doubtless the conviction that it is the root of the war has made many assent with more alacrity to the act of emancipation; but the President adopted it as a military and not as a moral measure. The way in which it was done, and the time, are both indications of the practical wisdom of the Chief Magistrate.

History will vindicate the President, even if our impatience should be unjust to him. It will show that succeeding to the executive head of the Government at a moment of most complicated military and political peril, and when national salvation seemed almost impossible, he displayed such simplicity, earnestness, honesty, patience, and sagacity—neither overwhelmed by disaster, nor confounded by treachery, nor disquieted by the distrust of friends—that he may be truly called a Providential man.

OUR GOVERNOR.

IF we were to speak of Mr. Seymour in the language of the circus, we should say that that favorite performer Horatius had undertaken his celebrated equestrian act of daring in simultaneously riding two horses, the well-known old roadster War-Democracy and the vicious young filly Copperhead. As they go in different directions, the point of interest is the fate of the rider.

If it should be roundly asserted that Mr. Seymour is a rebel, there might be a plausible denial made. If it should be said that he is not heartily loyal, that also might and would be denied; but not plausibly. His last year's elaborate accusation of the free States as responsible for the war—his previous declaration that he preferred to see the Union destroyed rather than slavery—his speech on the 4th of July, at the Academy, in which he sneered at the soldiers, declaring that we "were promised Vicksburg for the 4th of July," and his threatening the Government with a mob—his subsequent address to that mob, giving them an excuse, and prostrating himself before them, and his correspondence with the President, insisting upon delay at a time when the rebellion prays for it and must succumb without it—all these things are susceptible of a kind of explanation, for Mr. Seymour is too adroit a politician not to choose his phrases; but they all leave one deep and permanent conviction, and it is, that if the country should be compelled to make peace with the rebels upon their own terms, Mr. Horatio Seymour would not be sorry. If we do him injustice it is an involuntary wrong. If he has any where or at any time expressed a hearty abhorrence of the rebellion, or a sincere desire that the Government should be maintained by every honorable means of war—if he has any where spoken in such overwhelming censure of rebels lately belonging to the Democratic party as he has of the Republican party, to which he is politically opposed—we have not seen the speech, and yet we have very carefully read every thing he has written and said.

That he soberly thinks he can take the State of New York into rebellion, we do not suppose; but that he wishes to propitiate the faction in the State which hopes for the success of the rebels, is clear. If, therefore, under pretense of State Rights, he can encourage disaffection to the prosecution of the war—if by fomenting opposition to the General Government he can perpetuate a vague terror of civil war at the North, without openly instigating it, so that people may become weary and insist upon negotiating with the rebels, he will have done what the interests of his ambition require without having openly opposed the war.

It is a profound pity that at this epoch the Governor of the Empire State should not be the representative of the unconditional loyalty of the great majority of its citizens; called to the position only because the loyal people, who had armed for the common defense, were not heard at the polls, he can truly claim that he has done his little all to chill the ardor with which the great State of New York supported the war for the Union, and that in the darkest hour of peril his country ever saw he turned his back upon her and apologized for her enemies.

A LOST LEADER.

IT is useless to deny the great pain inflicted by Mr. Carlyle upon his sincerest friends and most intelligent admirers in this country by his "American Iliad in a Nutshell." And it is a complicated pain, for the squib in *M'Millan's Magazine* shows not only moral opacity but intellectual feebleness. Among the many strange things that might have been expected from Carlyle, was not a simply silly performance the last to be looked for? To call a system of chattel slavery, in which babies are bred for sale, "hiring servants for life," is so shallow a trick that every man who has honored Carlyle must needs hang his head. It is a mean infidelity to human nature of which Legree would have been ashamed.

But the mind to which that wretched old tyrant and fool, the father of Frederick the Great, seems a hero and a king, is released from the ordinary canons of criticism. When the mind of a man has ceased to feel and honor moral power and worships brute force only, Genghis Khan will always be a finer spectacle than the Apostle John, and a Devon bull a nobler type of force than Florence Nightingale.

If Carlyle's squib be a specimen of the value of his judgment of the real meaning of historical events, what a charlatan he is! If he knew no more of the English rebellion and its significance than of this which goes on before his eyes, his "Oliver" is no better portrait than his "Peter of the North;" and "Peter" is simply the vision of a dyspeptic egotist. The only wonder in this lamentable performance is that he did not represent Peter and Paul as quarreling about a United States bank. For why he should have dropped a single grain of truth into his melancholy mess is not apparent. We *are* fighting about slavery; and that is the very reason that Carlyle should have omitted all allusion to the fact upon the half page of nonsense he has written about us.

It is useless to be angry—it is folly to regret. But the brave hearts in this country that long ago hailed the earnest friend of Robert Burns as a friend of all men, and a lover of justice against all odds, can not now see his reverence and sympathy offered exclusively to bullies and slave-traders without a pang. It might well make a greater man than Carlyle hesitate when he saw that his view of any subject was applauded by the meanest of instincts and the worst of men. There is not a woman-whipper in the land who will not chuckle with delight over this squib. There is not a man in the country whose friendship Carlyle would value who will not wonder at its foolishness while he smiles at its falsity. There are disillusions enough in life, but few of us who have truly loved and honored him are likely to know a sadder day than that on which we write among the lost leaders the name of Thomas Carlyle.

JUSTICE.

Some years since Judge Daly earned a most enviable fame by the energy and ability with which he conducted the trial of the Macready rioters. Recorder Hoffman has been doing a similar good work in the matter of the July riots. The force and clearness of his introductory charge were not more admirable than the candor and incisiveness of his direction of each case. The question is perfectly simple, and he has not for a moment suffered it to be complicated. The pleas for the convicted prisoners were merely harangues in which the speakers sought to inflame the prejudices and passions of the jury, precisely as their clients had excited those of the mob.

Thus in the case of the man indicted for leading the attack upon the *Tribune* office, after the attorney for the defense had rung the usual changes upon the views and conduct of the editor, Mr. Greeley, the Recorder very trenchantly disabused the minds of the jury, reminding them that they were not trying the views of Mr. Greeley, or of the prisoner, or of any body else; that they were not settling the origin of the war, nor the character of General M'Clellan; but they were deciding upon the evidence whether the prisoner had incited a mob against the peace of the community. The conclusion was inevitable. The prisoner was convicted.

To commend a judge for uprightness should be an insult to the bench. But when a magistrate sits in the city of New York, where M'Cunn is called Judge, such commendation simply indicates that he is one who wears the unsoiled ermine. By his impartial conduct of the late trials Recorder Hoffman has won honor and troops of friends. Nor does his just praise lessen that of the prosecuting officers and juries who have shared with him the labor of the court.

SING SING CONSERVATISM.

Immediately upon the election of the Honorable Fernando Wood to the Speakership of the House of Representatives it is understood that the policy of the Sing Sing conservatives will be further illustrated by the appointment of Mr. Isaiah Rynders as Chaplain of the House, of Mr. M'Cunn as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of Mr. Andrews, now of Fort Lafayette, as Chief of the Metropolitan Police. When Mr. Wood is elected Speaker his "conservative" friend Mr. John B. Floyd will be called to the head of the United States Treasury in place of Mr. Chase; General Meade will be superseded in Virginia by the "conservative" General Robert E. Lee; and Mr. Vallandigham will be made Secretary of War

These will be but the first steps of the Sing Sing programme for the restoration of peace to the country, and of dignity, unity, and perpetuity to the national Government.

A NOTE FROM JANUS.

Dear Lounger,—You are a howling Abolition fanatic, and one of old Abe's most caitiff minions; but it is good policy to make use of enemies, so I send you the following resolutions which I have prepared for all Democratic Conventions that wish to ride on two horses or sit on two stools. You can print them, and so I shall save postage. I merely wish to add that I spit in advance upon all Abolition vermin who dare to impugn my patriotism. Here are the resolutions:

1*st*. *Resolved*, That we are in favor of the war.

2*d*. *Resolved*, That we are opposed to all measures for carrying it on. Your obedient servant,

Janus.

GROVELING.

The letter of James Buchanan to Jefferson Davis, dated March 16, 1850, and lately made public, is a striking illustration of the servile obsequiousness of the Northern political allies of the slaveholders who governed this country until two years ago. The cringing, fawning, supplicating, shivering, slobbering tone of this letter is that of an eastern slave addressing a despot. It makes the disdain of the master respectable. How could Jefferson Davis and his fellow-conspirators possibly persuade themselves that a country which, at their bidding, could elect as President such a craven tool as they knew Buchanan to be, would even try to resist the fate which they, with his connivance, had prepared for the country?

The sole aim of this man was to propitiate the slaveholding class. His only desire was to impress a scornful Southern leader with the conviction that he was "more Southern than the South." He knew no country but "the South." He knew nothing to be served but slavery. He was grateful if he might pander to it, and he thanked his masters humbly for the wages of a pimp. "Don't chastise me," he cries; "I have always worked for you; I went to Congress in December, 1821, and I have always done more for you than any other man. To be sure when I was very young I was once so excited as not to be responsible, and I did happen to be put upon a committee to do something that was honorable. But I humbly beg your pardon. On my knees I swear to you that I didn't mean it. Cameron is a scamp for betraying me. Just see how consistently base I have been ever since! Please honor me by reading the speech I send, which, being utterly mean, wholly pleases me." And what Buchanan said in 1850 the Copperheads say now, in the same spirit and for the same purpose.

This was the man who succeeded Franklin Pierce as President. After the two civil war or national death were inevitable.

A FINE CHANCE.

Since Morgan has been arrested and sent to the Ohio Penitentiary, is it not almost time for the Copperheads to announce that the Lincoln Despotism has again destroyed the constitutional rights of the citizen; and for Jefferson Davis to write one of those letters which impress Copperheads and Britons with so profound a sense of his ability, dignity, and piety, remonstrating against our inhuman and uncivilized system of warfare?

FROM CAMP DOUGLAS.

Here is a soldier's letter, from Camp Douglas, near Chicago. The Lounger heartily commends it to its readers:

"Lounging Friend,—May a soldier lounge and talk a little while by your easy-chair?

"This is a time of most imperative necessities, and the most urgent of all our needs is the need of men. Not only men who will rally to the flag with rifle and knapsack, but men to stay at home as well. We must have more men every where, or we are lost—men with hearts and souls, and the earnest will to use them. Institutions, constitutions, charters, statutes all are good, if they are of the right kind; but they don't amount to any thing unless they are in the right kind of hands. If we put the scales of justice into the hands of a thief what becomes of their virtue? Grand ideas, like royal robes, must have kingly men to fit them, or they will not be properly worn.

"We must have a great, deep reservoir of strong manhood, to give force and volume to our rushing torrent of destiny, or it will be no river, only a brawling brook. These are days to try men's souls, and it is *soul* that tells. We have pinned ourselves too much to the past. We seem to think our fathers were good enough for two or three generations. We have wrapped ourselves in the folds of the patriarchs' robes, and seemed to suppose that we should be borne with the ascending patriarchs to heaven. It is time we found out that it was not the garments, but the Fathers, who went to heaven; and that if we go there we must wear our own clothes, and work our own passage.

"We must have men, and to have them we must be men. We forget the fact that history has the unit *Man* for its base. Let's keep that fact in view, and each of us see to it that *his* account with God and the next generation is well adjusted.

"'Humph!' says Gradgrind; 'what's the use of such Utopian schemes of redemption as that? Look at the facts of the case, and see what likelihood you think there is of converting politicians, and business men, and the lower rabble into a commonwealth of transcendental theorists.'

"Gradgrind thy name is a good many, and thou art practical. I will be practical also. Let every man who is reasonably clear-headed and decently honest—let him act up to the honest promptings of his conscience, or even of common decency, and we shall have purity enough in action to at least save us from the plottings of political demagogues and home traitors. Let every man who acknowledges within him a soul use it as a soul ought to be used, and we are saved. There is nothing impracticable or visionary about that, is there? If there is, God pity us, for we are past praying for indeed.

"Nobody supposes that the 1st of January, 1865, or 6, or 9, will find this country warmed and lighted with the Millennium. We are not going to come out of this war serene and placid, with our passions pleasantly subdued, and our prejudices chained and under foot, and with nothing noticeable about us except our extraordinary development of all the moral and political virtues. However good our luck may be, it is going to take us a long time to make the seething elements of these times homogeneous, and to get our boiling black tides into the smooth, vigorous flow of progress. If the last days of our generation shall see the principles which the present days are working into shadowy shape, in a fair way for embodiment, and the wheels of our history set toward the front with the commencing movement *forward*, we shall have done well.

"We shall always have—every great nation will always have—a good deal of filth and foulness that boils up in draft riots and froths over in Vallandigham addresses. But if we can't develop among us currents of pure manliness strong enough and broad enough to flow through and over these stinking dregs, and set the machinery of our progress in vigorous and successful motion, then truly the nations may ask each other the gibing question—all the more bitter that we shall know the answer our history has furnished it—'Are the American people fit to embody the American Idea?'

Private P——,

'Camp Douglas Chicago.'

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The court of inquiry to investigate the facts and circumstances of the evacuation of Winchester and Martinsburg was organized at Washington on 15th. The court consists of Brigadier-General Barry, President, and Brigadier-Generals Abercrombie and De Russy, members, and Captain R. N. Scott, Judge-Advocate. The court commenced to hear evidence on Monday morning, 17th.

Acting-Master Frederick D. Stewart, formerly of New York, has been ordered to the command of the gun-boat *Fuchsia*.

General Osterhaus left St. Louis on August 17 to join his command in Mississippi.

The body of Colonel Cornyn reached St. Louis on 16th. His funeral took place on 17th with appropriate military honors.

First Lieutenant D. L. Montgomery, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, has relieved Captain De Russy, of General Heintzelman's staff as Commissary of Musters for the Twenty-second Corps. Captain De Russy asked to be relieved.

The order dismissing Captain Gustav Meiser from the service has been revoked, and he has been granted an honorable discharge.

The death of Commodore Morris took place in this city on Friday, August 14, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after a protracted and painful illness. He had recently returned from New Orleans, where he had been second in command to Admiral Farragut since the possession of that city by the Union authorities.

General Logan made a speech at Cairo on 14th to the largest outdoor audience ever assembled there.

Rear-Admiral Porter returned on 14th with the flagship *Black Hawk*. A salute was fired in his honor by the gun-boats off the levee.

General Asboth, at Columbus, Kentucky, has been relieved by order of General Grant, and General A. J. Smith takes command there.

Brigadier-General James M. Tuttle has received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Iowa, in place of Maturin L. Fisher, who declined. Mr. Tuttle was nominated by the State Central Committee. He is now in active service in the field, and in that position we do not see how he can be popular with the Copperheads.

Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham was in town last week *en route* for Saratoga.

The United States steamer *Albatross* arrived at New Orleans lately from Galveston, bringing as passenger Commodore Bell, who relieves Admiral Farragut in that department. The Commodore enters at once upon the discharge of his duties. Admiral Farragut was relieved at his own request.

General Blunt and his staff, with a small escort, have just returned from Tah-lah-quah, about twenty-six miles from Fort Blunt.

Intelligence has been received at St. Louis that the rebel General Holmes died recently of delirium tremens.

General Dodge is still quite low, but improving. No danger is apprehended from his sickness.

Brigadier-General Joseph W. Revere, who was tried by court-martial at Falmouth, on May 12, Major-General W. S. Hancock, president, and found guilty of misbehavior before the enemy, and of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, was sentenced to be dismissed from the military service of the United States. The President has approved the finding, and ordered the sentence to be carried into effect August 10.

Second Lieutenant Alpheus Scott, of Company L, Sixth Iowa cavalry, has also been dismissed the service by order of the President, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, he having appeared before the regiment in a beastly state of intoxication while on the march.

Surgeon Alfred Wynkoop, United States Volunteers, court-martialed for giving Virginia secession sympathizers information of important movements of our troops, has been convicted and sentenced to be dismissed the service.

Last week Major-General John J. Peck and staff left Fortress Monroe on the steamer *C. W. Thomas*, Captain Egbert Cary, for Newbern, having been assigned by General Foster to the command of the Eighteenth Army Corps.

Commander Murray has been detached from special duty at the Navy Department, and has been ordered to the *Wateree*.

On 15th, screw steamer *Western World* took on board the Admiral of the fleet, S. P. Lee, from his flag-ship, screw frigate *Minnesota*, 49, off New Inlet, and conveyed him to Beaufort, whence he went by rail to Newbern.

Colonel Green, Chief Quarter-master of the Department of Washington, has prepared an admirable plan for the erection of a permanent contraband village on Arlington Heights, and the work is to be commenced at once.

General Gibbon is rapidly recovering from the severe wound he received at Gettysburg.

Major Hazzard of the 16th New York Cavalry is to be given the command of a brigade.

General William Harron, commanding the second division of the Second Corps, in place of General Gibbon, wounded, left Washington last week for Indiana on a leave of absence.

Charles H. Green, Quarter-master Sergeant at Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, has been promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the 5th United States Artillery.

Brigadier-General Thomas Welch, commanding the First Division of the Ninth Army Corps, died at Cincinnati on 14th of congestive fever, caught during the campaign in Mississippi.

Second Lieutenant Valentine Hitchcock, Company G, One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, for cowardice in the presence of the enemy, has been cashiered, and his name, crime, and place of abode have been ordered to be published in the newspapers in and about the camp, and in the particular State from whence he came.

Second Lieutenant James H. Van Nostrand, Company K, First Long Island Volunteers, for drunkenness on duty, has been cashiered; and, for the same offense, Second Lieutenant W. H. Tanner, Company B, Sixty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers, has received the same punishment.

Second Lieutenant E. B. Gregory, Company I, Sixty-fifth regiment New York Volunteers, for disobedience of orders and disrespect toward his superior officers, has been dismissed the United States service.

Thomas Jewett, Company D, Fifth Maine Volunteers, for desertion, was sentenced to be shot to death. General Meade approved the sentence, and ordered that it be carried into effect in presence of the division on Friday, the 14th inst., between the hours of 12 m. and 4 o'clock p.m.

The *Miantonomah*, the first iron-clad built entirely by the Government, was launched at the Brooklyn Navy-yard on 8th. Her dimensions are—between perpendiculars, 250 feet; extreme length, 259 feet 3 inches; width of beam, 52 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 14 feet 9 inches · 1800 tons.

The charges against Colonel De Forest, of the Fifth Regiment, Harris Cavalry, are for defrauding the Government of upward of sixty thousand dollars, which, it is alleged, he did by false bills of articles which were never purchased for his regiment. The Colonel is now in this city under arrest, and will soon be tried, the Government having turned him over to the care of the United States District-Attorney.

Colonel B. L. Bell, of the Regular Army, died in Baltimore on August 12, at his residence in M'Cullough Street, after five months' illness, from old age and an enfeebled constitution, caused by hard services. He was the oldest cavalry Colonel in the service, having been through the Florida and Mexican wars, and was twice brevetted for gallant services. He built all the forts from the western border of Texas to the Pacific, and was in command as General in California after its annexation to the United States.

On 19th the United States Steamer *Fort Jackson* was formally put in commission as a regular man-of-war of the United States Navy. She is armed and equipped after the fashion of a first-class corvette, and has a crew of picked sailors. A few months since this vessel was purchased from Mr. Vanderbilt by the Government. She was called the *Union* when in the service of the "Commodore," and had just attained a reputation of excellence which made the Government purchase her.

A commission was issued on 15th, in Boston, appointing Lieutenant-Colonel Edward N. Hallowell as Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, in place of Colonel Shaw, recently killed in action in the last assault on Fort Wagner. Colonel Hallowell was wounded in the assault where Colonel Shaw fell, but, it is stated, has nearly recovered from his injuries. This appointment is a deserved compliment to a brave and accomplished gentleman. Colonel Hallowell is a Pennsylvanian, and one of the fighting Quakers.

Brigadier-General Salomon, recently in command of the district of Helena, Arkansas, is at present on a visit to his friends at Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Lieutenant L. C. Hodges has been assigned to the Chief Quarter-mastership of the Department of the Cumberland.

The order heretofore issued dismissing Captain R. H. S. Hyde, One Hundred and Ninth New York Volunteers, on the ground of disloyalty, has been revoked by the President. The evidence submitted on behalf of Captain Hyde proved the charge utterly groundless.

Colonel Hannibal Day, of the Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel George Nauman, of the First Artillery, have been put on the retired list at their own request.

The New Orleans *Era* announces the death, August 5, of Dr. D. W. Wainwright, Surgeon United States Army, who died on board the ship *Black Hawk* at that port, of typhoid fever, after an illness of ten days. His remains are to be sent North.

Brigadier-General Stedman has been relieved of the command of the Second Brigade of Brannan's Division, and ordered to report to General Granger. It is hinted that he will soon have command of a division.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

Our advices from Charleston are to the 16th instant (Sunday) from Fortress Monroe, relating the state of affairs up to Friday morning. At that time the batteries on Morris Island opened fire for a few hours, during which the walls of Fort Sumter were made to scatter bricks and mortar extensively. The Monitors did not fire a shot, however. It was confidently stated that the great fight was to come off on Sunday, the 16th, and the fullest expectations of a triumphant result were entertained by the officers in command. Our heavy guns are making sad havoc on Sumter, and have breached the walls exposed to the fire of the batteries.

REBEL ACCOUNTS.

Rebel news from Charleston to the 16th inst., two days later than received from our own side, reaches us by way of Chattanooga. The *Rebel*, printed in that city, on the 16th published dispatches announcing that a general bombardment by Gilmore's batteries and the iron-clads was commenced on the day previous—Saturday—and was awful in its character; that the fire was chiefly directed against Sumter, and that the fight was still going on when the *Rebel* was put to press. The officer who communicates to the Government the contents of the *Rebel*, says that the editor, instead of making any boast about the result or manifesting the least jubilant feeling over the situation of affairs at Charleston, exhibits the most positive evidence of gloom.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There are signs of motion in the Army of the Potomac. A demonstration was made by the enemy on 17th on the left of our army, and heavy cannonading was heard for a long time. The impression at head-quarters was that a battle was going on in the direction of United States Ford, or probably toward Fredericksburg, but no intelligence of that kind having reached Washington last night it is most likely that it was merely a reconnoissance.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

General Grant has forwarded dispatches to the Government recommending that trade be opened to all loyal citizens, with certain restrictions—a measure which it is said will bring into market thousands of bales of the staple now hidden.

THE REBEL ARMIES IN THE SOUTHWEST.

The latest report of Bragg locates him at Chattanooga, in command of only 25,000 men—he having lost some 10,000 by desertion during and succeeding his recent retreat. Joe Johnston is still reported at Enterprise and Brandon, Mississippi, also with 25,000 men. One-third of his force is said to have deserted. West Tennessee is now reported clear of guerrillas. Our latest dispatches from the Southwest state that Governor Foster, of Alabama, has issued an address to the citizens of that State urging the impressment of slaves into the rebel service.

BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

It is reported that within the past few days no less than seventeen large steamers, loaded with stores, consisting of blankets, shoes, and uniforms, eleven locomotives, 96,000 English rifles, etc., ran the blockade at Wilmington, North Carolina.

THE WAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

General Pope telegraphs:

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *August* 15, 1863

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The following dispatch from General Sibley, dated August 7, is just received:

We had three desperate engagements with 2200 Sioux warriors, in each of which they were routed and finally driven across the Missouri with the loss of all their subsistence, etc. Our loss was small, while at least one hundred and fifty of the savages were killed and wounded. Forty-six bodies have been found.

H. Sibley, Brigadier-General.

General Sully marched from Fort Pierre for the big bend of the Missouri on the 20th of July with 1200 cavalry, and will doubtless intercept the flying Sioux.

Little Crow, the principal chief and instigator of the Indian hostilities, has been killed and his son captured. Indian hostilities east of the Missouri River may be considered at an end.

John Pope, Major-General.

A DIPLOMATIC EXCURSION.

A diplomatic party set out from Washington last week on an excursion among the lakes and rivers of New York. The party consists, as we understand, as follows: Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Baron Gerolt, the Minister of Prussia; Mr. Molina, the Minister of Nicaragua; Mr. Tassara, the Minister of Spain; Lord Lyons, the British Minister; Baron Stoeckl, the Russian Minister; M. Mercier, the French Minister; M. Schleiden, the Hanseatic Minister; M. Bernatti, the Italian Minister, Count Piper, the Swedish Minister; M. Astaburaga, the Chilean Minister; and several secretaries and attachés of the different legations. The first place they stopped at was Sharon Springs.

MORE COTTON TO BE BURNED.

Treasury Department, C. S. A.,
Richmond, *July* 15, 1863.

Hon. J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War:

Sir,—The fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson exposes to the enemy the cotton purchased by the Government in Mississippi and Louisiana. I learn that many of the planters, in whose care this cotton was, will probably leave their plantations, so that there will be no person to whom the duty can be intrusted of preserving the cotton, if it can be preserved, or of destroying it where it is likely to fall into the hands of the enemy. Under these circumstances I would respectfully submit that the subject be placed under the control of the commanding Generals, and that they be instructed to destroy all such cotton as can not be preserved from the hands of the enemy. With much respect, your obedient servant,

C. G. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury.

THE BRITISH PIRATES.

We learn something of the doings of the pirates *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Georgia*, by late news from Brazil to the 8th ult. Three American vessels were captured by the pirates off that coast, two of which were ransomed on heavy bonds—namely, the ships *Sunrise* and the *City of Bath*—and the other, the *Conrad*, was armed and converted into a pirate.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE MEXICAN CROWN.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has written a letter to Archduke Maximilian, urging him to accept the Mexican throne. The Archduke felt inclined to consent, and had consulted the Pope on the subject.

RUSSIA.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

It is generally agreed to that instead of a collective note to Russia, each of the three Cabinets will forward a separate note, identical in idea, to St. Petersburg. It is stated that Austria declines going beyond diplomatic action.

GERMANY.

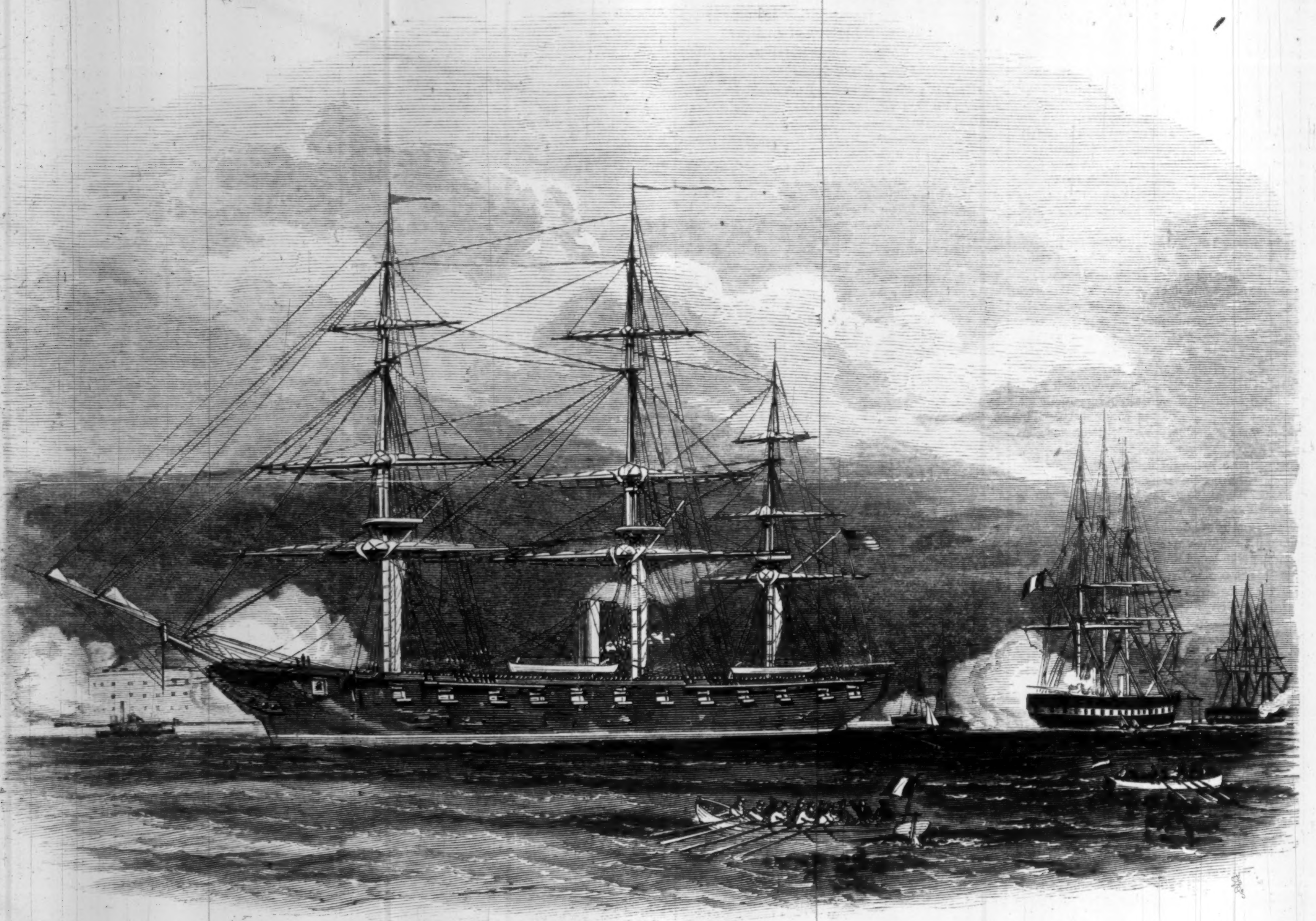
A ROYAL CONFERENCE

The Emperor of Austria has called a conference at Frankfort, at which the German sovereigns have signified their intention to be present—the King of Prussia, however, declining. The object of the conference is to elicit the feeling of Germany and the empire in regard to Polish affairs.

CANADA.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The first session of the eighth Parliament of United Canada was opened by the Governor-General on August 13. The Government carried their Speakership candidates in both Houses—in the Council by acclamation, and in the Assembly by 8 majority. The Ministerial candidate in the Assembly received 43 Upper Canadian votes and 23 Lower Canada, while the Opposition cast 40 Lower Canadian and 18 Upper Canadian. The speech of the Governor-General, delivered from the throne on the next day, recommended an improvement of the Militia Law, and the taking into consideration of telegraphic and postal communication between Lake Superior and the Pacific coast.



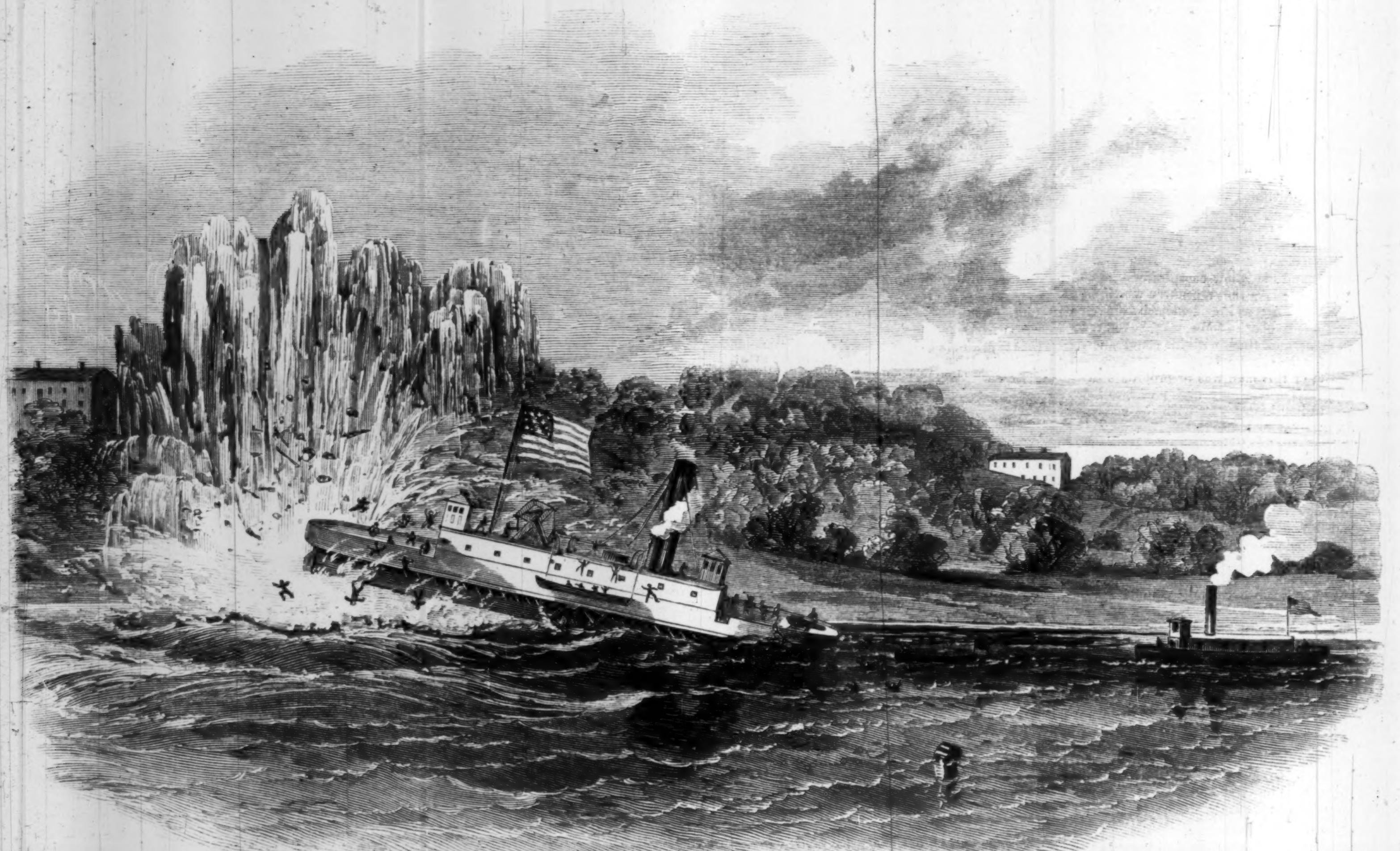
THE "HARTFORD," ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, ARRIVING AT NEW YORK AND RETURNING THE SALUTES OF FOREIGN FRIGATES.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

A TORPEDO IN THE JAMES RIVER.

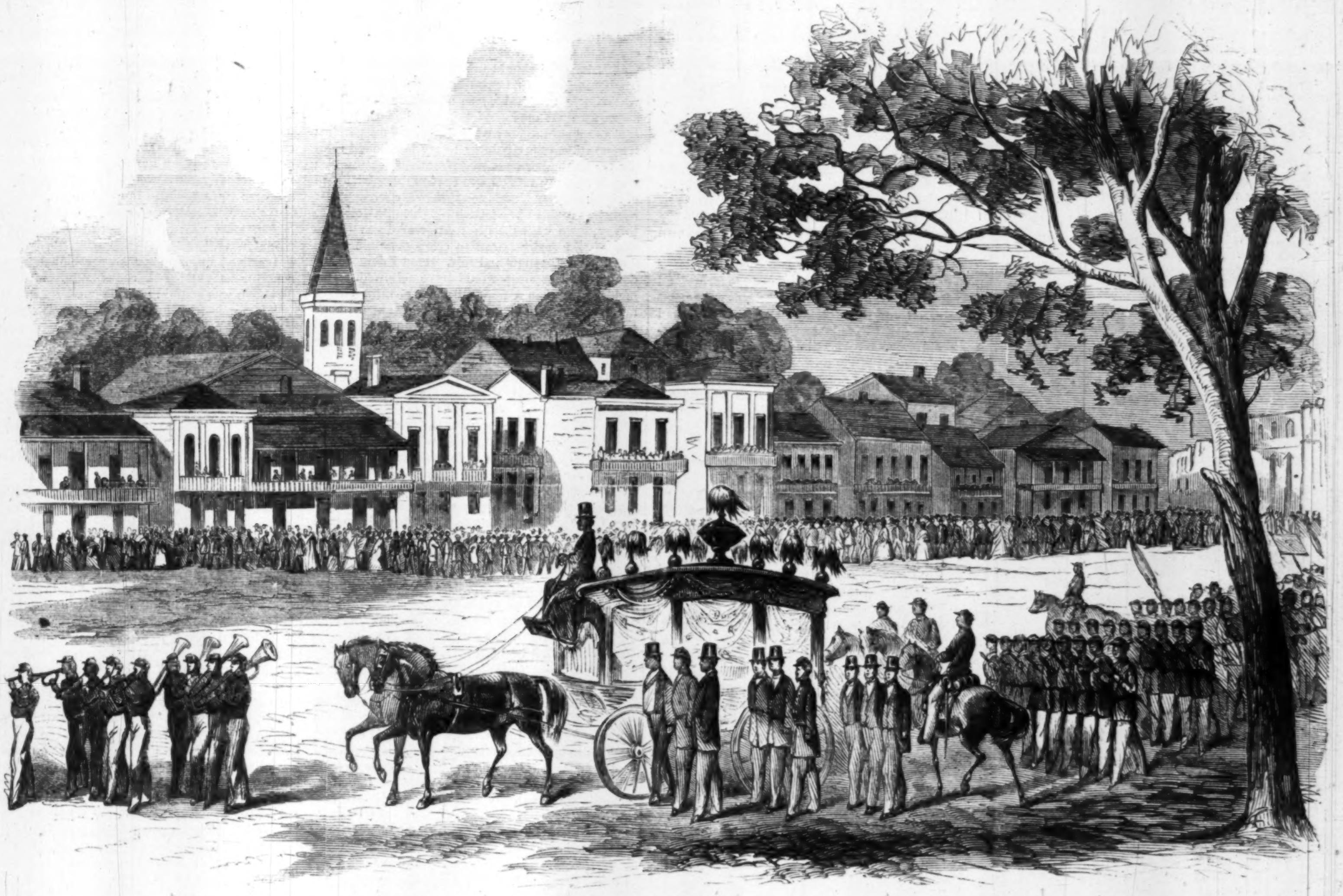
WE publish below an illustration of the explosion of a torpedo under the gun-boat *Commodore Barney*, in the James River, on 4th August.

General Foster was making a reconnoissance up the river with the *Commodore Barney*, the *Sangamon*, and the *Cohasset*. They had already been fired upon by riflemen on the river-bank. The *Herald* correspondent goes on to describe the event illustrated in our picture:

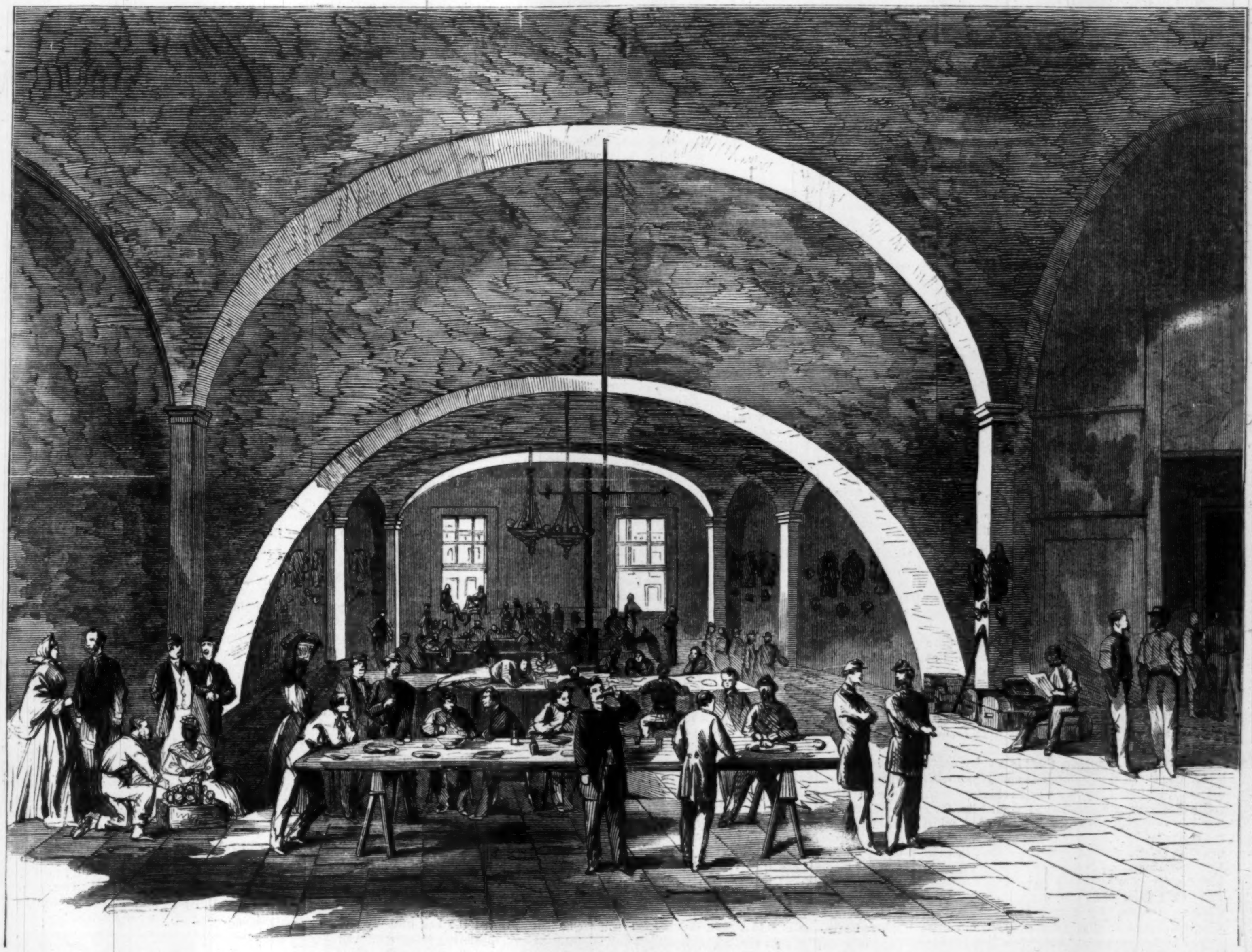
> No other incident of an exciting nature transpired until the fleet had reached a point on the river within six miles of Fort Darling. Here, as usual, the *Barney* bore the brunt of the misfortune. A torpedo was exploded under her starboard bow. The effect of this explosion was terrific in appearance, but, luckily, did not turn out so bad after all. The vessel was lifted by the shock upward of ten feet out of water, and an immense jet of water was hurled from her bow fifty feet in the air at least, falling over and completely deluging her, and washing overboard thirty men. Notwithstanding the desperate condition of affairs boats were immediately manned, and the unfortunates were rescued by their faithful brethren from a watery grave. Two of these men only, named Martin Krout, seaman, and I. Gamble (colored) were drowned. The rest were picked up. Two or three swam ashore.
>
> It was now discovered that the *Barney* was badly injured; so much so that it was found necessary to point her head for the shore. The *Cohasset*, however, took her in tow shortly, it being found that her engines were completely disabled. A further advance was now considered useless, inasmuch as the men seen on shore were there, doubtless, for the purpose of exploding the torpedoes beneath our vessels as they attempted to pass. So the expedition returned to Dutch Gap, where anchors were dropped for the night.



EXPLOSION OF A TORPEDO UNDER THE BOW OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "COMMODORE BARNEY," IN THE JAMES RIVER.
[SKETCHED FROM THE "COHASSET."]



FUNERAL OF THE LATE CAPTAIN CAILLOUX, FIRST LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS (COLORED).—SKETCHED BY A NATIVE GUARD.
[SEE PAGE 551.]



REBEL PRISONERS IN THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.
[SEE PAGE 551.]

MEXICO.

Another throne!
Through twice two thousand years
The earth has answered man's unending groan
With, "Draw ye not enough of tears
The cursed thistle's leaves to wet,
But ye must pile upon my weary breast
The weight of kingly thrones,
To keep my children from their rest
With digging hard among the basement stones
The tap roots lengthened downward by my sweat?
Ah! woe is me! a crown has little weight,
Although of purest gold its orb be made;
But from it such long rays of chains go out
To every pair of wrists beneath its shade,
That I am damp to bear their weight about,
And ye are damper with the hopeless spade."

Another throne
On fallen Montezuma's, Iturbide's,
Uplifted by the wizard name that guides
The destinies of Europe, and its own.
What vulture eagles o'er the sea have flown,
Smelling the death-heaps from afar,
Watched by a younger brood,
And settled with slant, northward eyes to tear
Dead paler far than those, whose blood
Could quench not thirst, did not the fiercer scream
O'er those death-heaps bid even thirst beware!
The light is broad upon the midnight dream
That haunts the despot's brain;
A crown is there, but it shall cast in vain
Its poisoned shadow toward the free,
As on the desert toward some fertile plain
Falls the short shade of a dead upas tree.

O Corsican! whose second life was stilled
In dark suspicion near the Hapsburg throne,
While broken lines of kings with fictions filled
The gaps that bore no name except thine own—
Seest thou the line strong to fulfill thy shame,
Too weak to share the glory of thy name;
The Hawk's-nest brood from Alpine height,
Whose wings flapped out a horrid night
From Ebro's tide to Zuyder Zee,
And wide through vine-hilled Germany,
And floated down the Danube's waves
Past wild-eyed Hungary's countless graves,
And blackened sunny Italy—
Seest thou that line
Whose "right divine"
Of priest or demon blotted thine
Grope backward, led by one of thy strong race,
Its own through empty urns of kings to trace,
And whisper as is whispered it "'Tis mine,"
Till o'er the western waves
Is claimed for it the Latian blood
That long has crept through soft barbaric veins,
Until is left of its inhuman flood
Naught but the crimson stains,
And there to lengthen out earth's roll of slaves
Is found a throne beside old Aztec graves?
Perhaps thy gorgeous tomb
May be full payment, if demand be made
Even yet, for every scorn upon thee laid;
Perhaps the bitter doom
Of powerless kingship leaning on an arm
Most hateful, that derives from thee its charm
Of power may satisfy thy soul,
If any deed of man might roll
Away the gloom that on Helena's isle
Went with thee through the gates of death,
And move thine iron lips again to smile
The death-crowned brow beneath.
'Twere setting up a puppet thing
Of the hated line to be called a King
By thy magic name—a thing for show,
Scorned even by fallen Mexico.

The sacred tribe
Who lay on bended heads their pious hands
Like millstones, whose broad feet keep back the lands
From toil, except the bribe
Leave children foodless; the high lifted caste,
Whose yellow hands to take and keep are bold
From memories of Spain's ill-gotten gold;
The priest and noble make unblushing haste
To bring the orb and sceptre, wheel and flail,
For sheaves whose growing was another's waste,
Whose taking leaves another famine pale.

Another throne
Built on the western world;
The years shall see some fragments hurled
To earth that once were an uplifted shape
Like to a crown, and wondering fools shall gape
At the base tinsel soon with moss o'ergrown.

THE STATION-MASTER AT LONGLEY.

I am not an old man, you say? Well, you are right there: one is not usually considered old at the age of forty-five. Why am I so bald, then? Ah, friend, you may well ask. Men do not usually lose their hair so early in life; and my scalp was polished, in this shining fashion, some fifteen years ago. It took only one grim night's work to do it all.

A story? Yes, comrade, there is a story anent this same poor bald pate of mine; and, if you wish to hear it, I will tell it you. It is an old story now, and over-familiar to our friends about here, for I fear I have gabbled it somewhat too often when the bottle has been going round; but, as you never heard it before, you will find it as good as new. The up-train is not due for a full hour yet; and perhaps my story may help as well as any thing else to kill time. Fill your glass, then, and draw nearer to the fire; for that drifting snow outside does not make this winter night too warm.

You say you knew at once, when first you saw me, that I had served. Well, no doubt the soldier who has been in active service always bears the stamp of his profession about him. I have smelled powder on more than one field. I was nine years in the —th Fusiliers. I served in Canada; and, after reaching the grade of sergeant, I was dangerously wounded in a rencontre with the Caffres at the Cape, and was sent home with a pension. The restoration of health brought back my constitutional antipathy to idleness; and, after knocking about in sore discontent for some time, I at last succeeded in procuring occupation as ticket-clerk at the Longley station on this line.

You don't know the country about Longley? No. You lose nothing thereby; for a more miserable district of bleak hills and wild barren moor is not to be found from this to John o' Groats; and the population, rude and churlish, are as little attractive as the country they dwell in.

Among the few acquaintances I made during the one year I spent there was a young fellow named Carston, the son of a wealthy sheep-farmer, who lived some six miles from the station. A clever fellow he was—the real manager of the farm—and on market-days, and such like, he was a frequent traveler on our line. Young Carston and I had come to be great friends, and more than one pleasant holiday I spent with him (for even we railway officials have holidays now and again) up among the hills, bleak and barren as they were. I dwell upon all this (rather tediously, perhaps) because it is to Frank Carston I owe this bald crown.

It was a cold, cheerless winter evening, as I stood upon the platform waiting for the mail train from the north, which was a little behind its time. There was no passenger from Longley; the train would not wait two minutes, and my work would be over when it had passed on. I was pleasantly anticipating a quiet night by my own fireside, with a hot cup of tea and the London morning paper, when the train came dashing in and pulled up with a shriek, and a head was thrust out from one of the carriages, while the familiar voice of my friend Carston hailed me.

"Ned, old fellow," he said, as I hurried up to him, "I want you to do me a great favor. You see this bag: it contains two hundred sovereigns. To-morrow is rent-day, and I got this cash for the old man this morning. You know the craze he has for paying in gold. I am going through to London on urgent business, and what I want you to do for me is to take charge of the money and this letter, and carry them out to our place. Get any sort of conveyance and drive out: don't mind the expense—I'll settle all that. I know that, as a friend, you'll do this carefully for me. Tell father I'll be home to-morrow night, if possible."

Off went the train, and before I could utter a word I was left alone on the platform with the heavy bag of gold in my hand. The commission with which I had been so unexpectedly intrusted was a very disagreeable one that bleak winter night; but it would be churlish to disappoint a friend. I went to my lodgings, got some tea, loaded a small double-barreled pistol (an unusual precaution suggested by the thought of the gold), put it in my pocket, and wrapped my great-coat round me. It was no easy thing to get carriage, fly, or gig in a little place like Longley at that hour; and what was a walk of four miles to me, when I was sure of a stiff glass of something warm and a good bed that night, and a pleasant canter on a sure-footed nag back to the station in the morning?

The night, though cold, was dry, and the moon was up. To be sure, some ominous clouds were gathering round her, and she was not rising, but steadily sinking, and would soon be hidden behind the hills. No matter: I should be far on my way before her light was gone, and those clouds, I thought, were not likely to change into what they promised—a snow-shower—till I was safely ensconced by old Carston's hospitable fireside. All went well enough for the first half hour; and as the brisk walk made the blood course warmly through my veins, I thought how much pleasanter this was than to be jolted and bruised in some such crazy lumbering old vehicle as the Longley Inn was capable of supplying, over that rough, wild, mountain road. But my anticipation of the weather proved sorely deceptive. Before the half hour had well gone by the snow-storm came down fierce and fast, and the moon was no longer visible. There was no help now, however, but all the more need to get to my journey's end as soon as possible; so I clutched my stick with a firmer grasp and quickened my pace. But the thick, steady fall of snow so darkened the air that I could not see twice my arm's-length before me; and I had not been walking many minutes when the apprehension stole upon me that I was fast losing my way. It was a dangerous locality I was in just then in the midst of that snow-storm; for the road wound over hill and moor, without wall or fence; and, where the snow was rapidly covering heath and path alike, to trace my route with accuracy became impossible. Human life had been sacrificed more than once, amidst the snow-drift, on that wild moorland, and sheep innumerable had been lost. To make my danger greater, the place was full of pits and hollows, where mining speculators had tried to sink shafts in former years. Should I wander off the beaten track the chances were I might meet a broken neck in one of those confounded holes.

I stumbled on at random. I had lost my bearings utterly; and in a few minutes I knew as little where I was as if I had been suddenly set down bound and blindfolded in the middle of the moor. I was making my way, surely, as best I could, through the snow-drift; but, for all I knew, I might be going in any direction but the right one. Was I on the beaten road, or was I on the heath? Another moment cruelly settled my doubts. One step more—my foot found no rest; and I fell headlong into a broad, deep pit. Stunned by the fall, I lay there I know not how long. Bruised and giddy, I tried at last to regain my feet, when a pang of exquisite pain shot through my left arm: the bone was broken. As with my right hand I now tried to steady myself and grope my way out of the hole, the agony I suffered was indescribable; yet my first thought was to feel for the bag of gold, which was still safely suspended from my neck. I crawled out of the pit, and pushed forward on chance: more slowly this time, though, and cautiously, for the terror of those vile holes was strong upon me now. But I grew weaker every moment, and a vague and sickly alarm seized me. Suppose I should swoon upon that moor—my head was giddy and my limbs unsteady already: what but a dreadful death under the fast-falling snow awaited me? At this horrible thought a cold sweat suffused my whole body, and my parched tongue clove to my palate: to my last hour I shall not forget the horror of that picture of death which rose before my mind's eye that night. The pain of my arm grew more excessive every moment; it hung by my side like a leaden weight. But, strange to say, even with the grim terror of death before me, a wild desire began to creep over me to lie down upon the snow and rest. Had I done so, no doubt my last sleep would have followed. But luckily just then a faint glimmer of light caught my eye, and with the eagerness of awakened hope I hurried toward it. In a few minutes I found myself at the open door of a wretched cabin, on the hearth of which a wood fire was burning.

"Hallo!" was the greeting I received from a rough voice, "who the —— are you, and what d'ye want here such a night as this?"

The wood which burned on the hearth was fresh and damp, and filled the cabin with smoke as well as with a pungent odor. It took some little time to discover in the far corner from which the voice proceeded the figure of a man, large, gaunt, and broad-shouldered, raggedly clad, with dark scowling face, and bullet-head covered with coarse, black, matted hair. I hurriedly explained to this person my misadventure. He rose and pushed toward me the stool on which he had been seated.

"Sit you down, man," he said, somewhat less roughly; "you look weak, and a broken arm is no trifle. Though what we can do for you, hang me if I know. But what errand took you out upon the moor such a night as this?"

"I was going from Longley, on important business, to Farmer Carston's."

"From Longley to old Carston's!" he exclaimed. "Whew! Why, man, you chose a very roundabout way to get to your journey's end."

"Roundabout? What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that Carston's is nearly in the opposite direction," was his answer. "And you have been steadily walking away from it for the last half hour at least."

"And how far am I from it now?"

"Some four good miles at least."

Here was a discovery; but what was to be done? I asked the man to guide me to Carston's, and offered to pay him well.

"Not for all the money they say old Carston has in the bank," he answered, "would I attempt to go over the moor to-night. Why, man, the snow is falling so thick you couldn't see a yard before you. It would be as much as our lives are worth. Men have met their doom upon that moor outside, before now, on such a night as this."

All this time the pain of my arm was growing intolerable, and help of any kind was impossible there. What was I to do? Stay in this wretched place till morning, and endure my agony till daylight should bring the chance of aid? There was no alternative.

"All you can do," said the man, "is to keep where you are to-night, and be thankful that you have the shelter of even these miserable walls on such a night as this is. It will be well, even, if this infernal snow-storm does not bury the cabin itself before morning. If you want any thing to eat you can have a crust of bread—that's all we have—and in that room inside you may lie down on the straw till morning comes. But you do look horribly beaten up. Here, Sally, up with you, lass, and get us the black one."

I turned to the other corner, beside the fire, to which these words were addressed, and now beheld, for the first time, a young woman sitting beside a child that lay asleep upon the ground. I turned and found her eyes fixed upon me with a strange eager glare. She was miserably clad, and looked sickly and thin, yet her face showed the traces of much personal beauty. She was delicately fair: every feature was beautifully moulded; and her long, disheveled hair, of a golden tinge, actually glistened in the blaze of the fire. But what struck me most about her was the hungry, wolfish glare of her eyes, so unnaturally large: fastened as it was upon me, that wild, eager look made my heart sick with a vague feeling of dread and dislike. The woman did not speak; but she went to a large chest at the other end of the room (almost the only article of furniture in the place, except a rickety deal table and a couple of stools), and took from it a large black bottle and a broken cup.

"Come," said the man, taking the cup and the bottle, and pouring some of the contents of the one into the other; "you did not expect, perhaps, to see any thing like this in a shepherd's hut on the moor. No matter; it came to us some way. Try it; the brandy is good, and you could not take better physic to-night."

Most gratefully did I seize the cup and drink off its contents; and never was cordial more welcome. The blood came coursing warmly through my shivering frame again, and for a while I even forgot the excessive pain of my broken arm. Declining the bread which the man offered me, I drew nearer to the fire. I took the pistol from my breast-pocket and laid it on the ground beside me; and as I stooped to do this the bag of gold struck against the stool with a musical clink of the coins within. The next moment, when I raised my head, I found the terrible eyes of the woman fastened upon me with a glare more hungry and wolfish than before. I was startled, and (almost mechanically) thrust the bag into my breast. She turned away, muttering something about my bed, and went into the other room of the cabin. In the mean time the man sat down at the other side of the fire, where the child was sleeping, and (he had taken some of the brandy, and was less rough and more communicative now) began to talk about the snow-storm, the probable loss of sheep it would cause, and the similar visitations of former years. In about a quarter of an hour the woman came to the door of the other room and called him to her. He went; and, for several minutes after, I heard them conversing in low, eager tones. Their words I could not catch; but the woman seemed to be vehemently urging something upon her companion, while his answers were brief and hesitating. Gradually the voices grew confused—a drowsy feeling crept over me—and I remembered no more. Whether one minute or an hour had passed I knew not, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a hoarse voice sounded in my ear:

"Come, friend, you're tired, I see; you had better throw yourself on the bed inside, and sleep till morning."

I started up, and was soon recalled to perfect consciousness by the sharp pain of my broken arm. The man was standing beside me.

"My wife has shaken out the straw," he said, "as softly as possible; and I mistake if, after to-night's tramp, you don't find it as pleasant as a bed of down. But take this by way of a night-cap before you go."

I drank the brandy, and, muttering a few words of thanks, was turning away, when he stopped me.

"See," he said, "you are forgetting your pistol. You had better take it with you."

I did so, and, bidding them good-night, went into the other room. My bed was a heap of straw covered with a piece of coarse sacking; but had it been of choicest feathers it could not have been more welcome then. I stretched myself upon it, and was soon fast asleep. But sleep brought with it confused and distressing dreams, with which the glare of those wild, hungry eyes were strangely mingled. I awoke with a sense of pain intolerable, and found that I had turned over on my left side, pressing my wounded arm under me. How long I had been sleeping, of course, I could not tell; but the first sound that fell upon my ear was the confused murmur of voices from the other room. Immediately the voices grew more distinct, and some words reached me that speedily brought me to a terrible consciousness of my position. One of those words was "gold;" and, at the sound, my hand searched for the bag: it was there safe. With a grim terror at my heart I rose and crept toward the door. Through a chink between the shrunken boards I could see the man and woman seated at the fire. The latter, whose face was almost completely turned toward me, sat with her elbows on her knees, and her chin resting on her palms. Those eyes of hers were fixed upon the man, and they glowed with a hellish fire. I sickened at the look of that face, so handsome, so delicate, so fiend-like. The man was speaking at the moment; and as the sound of his voice drew my eyes toward him, I beheld beside him an object that made my blood run cold—a large, shining hatchet or cleaver.

"I can't help it, lass," he was saying; "I don't like the job; and I wish the thing could be done some other way. About taking the gold I'm not particular to a hair, and in a downright tussle I shouldn't much mind knocking a fellow on the head. But to murder a man in his sleep—dang me, but it goes against my kidney."

"But those beautiful golden coins, Bill dear," the tempting fiend rejoined; "the lovely gold that would take us out of this hell at once. What is one miserable life compared to that? And who will know about it? The snow-storm is most lucky. We can put him deep down beneath the piled-up snow in one of those holes outside, and we shall be many a hundred miles from this—ay, across the Atlantic itself—before any trace of him is found."

How my blood curdled and my hair grew stiff with horror as I listened to the words of this female devil, and watched the Gorgon-like glance of her eye, and the hideous smile that curled her lips. I have been in deadly peril of life and limb in more than one fierce fight, as these medals show. I remember once when the knife of a gigantic Caffre was at my throat, and I thought all was over with me, till a comrade's rifle brought that savage down. But never, in deadliest hour of danger, did I feel any thing like the sickly terror and loathing which crept round my heart as I listened that night to the murderous words that woman uttered.

"It's all the same," replied her companion; "'tisn't the danger of discovery I'm afraid of. 'Tis the job itself I don't like; the murder of a sleeping man in cold blood—iph!"

With fury flashing from her eyes she sprang to her feet and seized the hatchet.

"Coward and fool!" she hissed, "do you call yourself a man? You see your wife and child starving before your eyes, and you have not the manhood to do the deed which will save them from the death of dogs! I will do it myself."

"Easy, lass," he said, catching her by the wrist, and drawing her back to her seat again. "You're a plucky girl, Sal, but d'ye think I'd let a woman do what I had not the courage to attempt myself? I told you I did not like the job: I had rather get at the money any other way; but I didn't tell you that I wouldn't do it. Sit you down, and let's talk it over. The chap is fast asleep now—the fatigue and the brandy have done for him, and you can hear him moaning as he sleeps. This ugly bit of steel may be useless after all. A cloth upon his mouth and my hand upon his wind-pipe may be enough. There will be no signs of blood; and when they do find him after the snow melts they will say he perished in the storm."

"Now, Bill," said the woman, with a horrid show of admiration, "you talk like a man, and a wise one. I begin to know you again."

"Well, lass," he said, "consider the thing as done. Just give me the bottle."

He took it, raised it to his lips, and drank a deep draught. With trembling hand I felt up the door for bolt or lock. There was a wooden bolt only. Gently and silently I pushed it home, then crept back to my bed and searched for my pistol, resolved to sell my life dearly. I got the pistol; drew back the hammers and felt the nipples: the caps were gone! I tried the barrels: they were drenched with water. I saw it all: the pistol had been dealt with while I slept at the fire; and I was now utterly at the mercy of those fiends. But I had little time to waste in thought, for the next moment the door was shaken by a heavy hand. I lay back and moaned and snored like one in a troubled sleep.

"The door is bolted on the inside," I heard the man whispering; "the fellow fastened it before he went to sleep."

"Then burst it open," said the woman.

"No," was the rejoinder, "that would waken him up, and he might show fight. We must adopt some quieter course."

"There's the window," she said; "can you not get in through that?"

"Quite right, lass: I had forgotten."

I looked to the window: it was an aperture some two feet square or more, with a crazy sash of four panes, every one of which was broken. I crawled toward it and felt the sash: the hand of a child might have pulled it out. What was I to do? What chance of a struggle had I now? Faint and weary, with that broken arm, what resistance could I offer to this man of gigantic strength? Crushed by the prospect of my inevitable doom, I staggered back from the window and fell against a projection of the gable-wall. I thrust out my right hand to save me from sinking to the ground: it did not touch the projection, but stretched far into some hollow space. A pang of hope shot through my heart: here was a large open chimney like that at the other end of the cabin; and I felt the snow, which had fallen down through it, crackling under my feet. Could I escape through this? Was there still a chance of life? I stooped under and thrust up my head. The aperture was wide and deep, and the large stones of the rude masonry projected on every side. These were steps by which it was easy enough to climb. To think of all this, and to act upon my thought, occupied less time than I have taken to tell it. In spite of the helplessness of my left arm, and the excruciating pain I felt from it, I was up through the chimney and out on the roof before I heard the frail sash below forced in. To slide to the ground was easy enough; and, blessing God for my deliverance, I crawled round to the other end of the cabin, and from this starting-point I hurried away across the moor as fast as my feeble limbs could bear me. Looking back, I saw the glare of light from the open door of the cabin, and heard the shout of a fierce, angry voice. The snow-drift had almost ceased to fall, and the whitened ground gave out some faint light through the winter darkness. What I longed for now was some pit or hollow to creep into and burrow there till immediate danger was over. I was not long in finding one. I slid down into it, and with my right hand gathered the snow around me. Not ten minutes had I lain there when I heard a heavy footstep crunching the snow above. It was my pursuer, the intending assassin; and I could hear his muttered curses as he passed on. In a few moments more I heard him coming back again, and then all was silent and still as death. At length I crept out from my hiding-place, with cramped and aching limbs. I knew no more in what direction to turn now than I had known before I had entered that accursed cabin; but I struck right ahead, knowing that there must be a human habitation somewhere before me, should I only have strength enough to reach it.

I was fearfully exhausted, and I dragged my feeble limbs along as if they were weighted with lead. For a time the consciousness of danger, and the excitement of the fearful scene I had gone through, sustained me; but by-and-by strength and reason alike seemed to desert me, and I staggered along like one in the delirium of fever. How long this continued I can not tell, for I made no count of time that terrible night; but I remember how, at last, in utter exhaustion, I fell prostrate on the snow.

As I lay there, unable to rise and unable to move a limb, a long piercing shriek, the horrible import of which I knew too well, rang in my ears. I looked up: that eye of fire was right before me. How can I tell you the horror of my situation?—a life's agony compressed into the compass of one awful minute. The goods train, which always passes Longley about three o'clock in the morning, was coming, and I was lying helpless on the rails! With a cry of agony I tried to rise, but I fell back in utter exhaustion. Even the terror of approaching death did not give me energy enough to crawl from where I lay. But my mind was active enough for the one thought—to stretch myself out with my head toward the engine—my only chance of safety. Commending my soul to God, I lay prostrate and closed my eyes. The next instant the shriek of the engine, loud and terrific, blended with the rattle of the carriages and the grinding sound of the wheels upon the snow that covered the rails, and then—and then I looked up to Heaven, with a feeble laugh of speechless gratitude; and all danger was over. The train had passed along the other line of rails, not over those between which I lay. The snow had prevented me from distinguishing the one from the other; but had I had strength enough to crawl in the direction I had intended the engine and carriages would have inevitably passed over me, and left me there a mangled corpse. It was my utter weakness which saved my life. The joy of my delivery from a horrible death was followed by a natural reaction. I sank back in a swoon; and when consciousness came back to me again I found myself, weak and wasted, in my own bedroom, and in my own bed, where (they told me) I had lain for eleven days in raging fever. It seems that, in the morning, one of the railway porters found me lying insensible in the snow; and thus I was, a third time within a dozen hours, saved from death. But this bald pate was the price I paid.

"But the bag of gold?"

Was found suspended from my neck, and, with the letter found in my pocket, was delivered in the proper quarter.

"And the intending assassins?"

I know nothing of them. They did not belong to that part of the country. They had disappeared from the cabin on the moor several days before I recovered from my fever, and, therefore, before suspicion could have fallen upon them; and they were never heard of after.

"The Carstons, I hope, were grateful?"

Do you see where that light is burning faintly, in that window across the line there? Frank Carston's sister is sleeping (peacefully, I should hope) in that room. She is mother of three of the finest young Britons in this big shire, and I am their father. But here comes the mail train, and it makes no long stay here. You had better look after your luggage.

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Oh, my darling! my darling! never to feel
Your hand going over my hair!
Never to lie in your arms again—
Never to know where you are!
Oh, the weary miles that stretch between
My feet and the battle-ground,
Where all that is left of my dearest h
Lies under some yellow mound!

It is but little I might have done
To lighten your parting pain;
But 'tis bitter to think that you died alone
Out in the dark and the rain!
Oh, my hero love!—to have kissed the pain
And the mist from your fading eyes!
To have saved one only passionate look
To sweeten these memories!

And thinking of all, I am strangely stunned,
And can not believe you dead.
You loved me, dear! And I loved you, dear!
And your letter lies there unread!
You are not dead! You are not dead!
God never could will it so—
To craze my brain and break my heart—
And shatter my life—I know!

Dead! dead! and never a word,
Never a look for me!
Dead! dead! and our marriage-day
Never on earth to be!
I am left alone, and the world is changed,
So dress me in bridal white,
And lay me away in some quiet place
Out of the hateful light.

Howard Glyndon.

THE FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN ANDRE CAILLOUX.

We illustrate on page 549 the Funeral of the late Captain Andre Cailloux, of the First Louisiana Volunteers, who was killed at Port Hudson. Captain Cailloux was one of the bravest soldiers in our country's service, though a colored man. The following account of his funeral we take from the New Orleans *Era:*

> By far the largest funeral procession that has been seen on our streets since the burial of Colonel Charles Dreux, the first rebel Louisiana officer that was killed in this war, was that of Captain André Cailloux, of the First Louisiana Native Guards. This brave man and gallant soldier met his death on the 27th of May last, while leading his company in a charge against the rebel works at Port Hudson. From the time he fell, within a few feet of the enemy's parapet, until the surrender of the place to General Banks, on the 8th of July, the body of this brave man lay exposed to all weathers, and so completely covered by the rebel sharp-shooters that his friends found it impossible to carry it from the field.
>
> Immediately on the truce being declared his body was taken possession of, and sent to this city, in charge of a guard of honor, composed of men of his own regiment who had been wounded during the siege, and under command of Adjutant T. A. Sears. The body arrived in this city on Saturday last, and since that time has been lying in state in the hall of the "Friends of the Order," of which society Captain Cailloux was a leading member.
>
> The body, as before mentioned, lay in state in the hall of the "Friends of the Order," on a raised platform in the centre of the room. The coffin was draped in the American flag, on which was placed his sword and belt, and uniform coat and cap. Around the coffin flowers were strewn in the greatest profusion, and candles were kept continually burning. All the rites of the Catholic Church were strictly complied with. The guard paced silently to and fro, and altogether it presented as solemn a scene as was ever witnessed.
>
> In due time the band of the Forty-second Massachusetts Regiment made their appearance, and discoursed the customary solemn airs. The officiating priest, Father Le Maistre, of the church of "St. Rose of Lima"—who we are glad to see has paid not the least attention to the excommunication and denunciations issued against him by the Archbishop of this diocese—then performed the Catholic service for the dead. After the regular services he ascended to the President's chair, and delivered a glowing and eloquent eulogy on the virtues of the deceased. He called upon all present to offer themselves, like Cailloux had done, martyrs to the cause of justice, freedom, and good government. It was a death the proudest might envy. Had we room we would gladly give the whole of this stirring address.
>
> Immense crowds of colored people had by this time gathered around the building, and the streets leading thereto were rendered almost impassable. Two companies of the Sixth Louisiana (colored) regiment, from their camp on the Company Canal, were there to act as an escort, and Esplanade Street, for more than a mile, was lined with colored societies, both male and female, in open order, waiting for the hearse to pass through.
>
> After a short pause, a sudden silence fell upon the crowd, the band commenced playing a dirge, and the body was brought from the hall on the shoulders of eight soldiers, escorted by six members of the society and six colored captains, who acted as pall-bearers. The corpse was conveyed to the hearse through a crowd composed of both white and black people, and in silence profound as death itself. Not a sound was heard save the mournful music of the band, and not a head in all that vast multitude but was uncovered.
>
> The procession then moved off in the following order: The hearse containing the body, with Captain J. W. Ringgold, W. B. Barrett, S. J. Wilkinson, Eugene Mailleur, J. A. Glea, and A. St. Leger (all of whom, we believe, belong to the Second Louisiana Native Guards), and six members of "The Friends of the Order," as pall-bearers; about a hundred convalescent sick and wounded colored soldiers, the two companies of the Sixth regiment, a large number of colored officers of all Native Guard regiments, the carriages containing Captain Cailloux's family, and a number of army officers; winding up with a large number of private individuals and societies.
>
> After moving through the principal down town streets, the body was taken to the Bienville Street Cemetery, and there interred with military honors due his rank.
>
> Captain Cailloux was a native of this city, aged 43 years, and was one of the first to raise a company under the call of General Butler for colored volunteers. In conclusion, we can not do better than quote from the *Union*, of this city. It says:
>
> By his gallant bearing, his gentlemanly deportment, his amiable disposition, and his capacities as a soldier—having received a very good education—he became the idol of his men, and won the respect and confidence of his superior officers. He was a true type of the Louisianian. In this city, where he passed his life, he was loved and respected by all who knew him.
>
> In Captain Cailloux the cause of the Union and freedom has lost a valuable friend. Captain Cailloux, defending the integrity of the sacred cause of Liberty, vindicated his race from the opprobrium with which it was charged. He leaves a wife and several children, who will have the consolation that he died the death of the patriot and the righteous.

The correspondent who sends us the sketch from which our picture was taken mentions a curious incident in connection with the funeral. Father Le Maistre, the officiating clergyman, could not get any other priests or church servants in the diocese to assist him to perform the ceremony, in consequence of the prohibition of the archbishop. He had heard, however, that Colonel Stafford of the First Louisiana Native Guards had said that so many trades and professions were represented in his regiment that he could build a town in the prairie in sixty days; and to him he applied for aid. Two privates instantly volunteered, and assisted in performing the services according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. At the grave-yard again a private of the regiment left the ranks to perform the duties of bricklayer.

THE REBEL PRISON IN NEW ORLEANS.

We reproduce on page 549 a sketch by our special artist, Mr. J. R. Hamilton, illustrating the place of confinement of the rebel officers who recently surrendered at Port Hudson. Mr. Hamilton accompanies his sketch with the following remarks:

"I required to go through a certain amount of form before being able to obtain the above sketch for you, as the strictest guard is kept upon the prisoners. I first had to apply for permission to General Bowen, who, having no personal objection, gave me a note of introduction to Captain Stearns, Provost-Sheriff at the Custom-house, expressing his willingness that the Captain should permit me to sketch, 'provided that no offense should be given to the officers in prison.' I thought this was showing an amount of regard toward rebel sensibilities that they are not always in the habit of reciprocating; but it spoke well for General Bowen's feelings as a gentleman.

"On arriving at the Custom-house Captain Stearns received me very politely, and at once conducted me through the various wards, communicating with each other, in which the rebel officers were confined. This was in the northern portion of the building, in which over 250 prisoners—all officers—are now located. But as there was no point from which I could take a *coup d'œil* of the whole I have selected the largest apartment in which the greater number are congregated.

"I found these officers all scattered about, moving from one room to the other, chatting and laughing, and trying to take things as pleasantly as they could under the circumstances. They are a fine-looking set of men, and were dressed, some in uniform, some in civilian's costume, and others again in nothing but their shirt-sleeves.

"I did not think it necessary to make any formal inquiry as to whether my sketching would be disagreeable or not; and so, as soon as the Captain left me, I out with my sketch-book and fell to work.

"'Are you making portraits, Sir?' asked one of two or three who came to overlook me.

"'Not necessarily,' I replied, 'unless some handsome officer puts himself in the fore-ground on purpose.'

"'Don't forget, in your sketch,' said a smart young gentleman, 'those horrible mosquitoes that eat us up all night.'

"'And the delicious fare we have to live on,' chimed in another.

"'Your treatment here is not unusual, I hope, Sir,' I said, inquiringly, turning to a middle-aged officer near me.

"'Oh no, not at all; we have nothing to complain of. So large a number of men suddenly congregated creates some temporary inconveniences, but we are allowed every thing we can expect under the circumstances.'

"This concession was made in a very gentlemanly tone, and, indeed, my own eyes had already made me aware of the fact. On a long table I saw fruit, plenty of ice going to and fro, and one or two suspicious-looking bottles that seemed as if they might contain something far more sparkling than water. Besides that, I had met in the ante-room that good Samaritan, Mrs. Brandt; and it is well known that no Confederate soldier can lack any thing within the reach of womanly care and kindness while that lady is near.

"As I gazed on this scene I could not help making some comparisons highly favorable to our section, in spite of Mr. Bull Run Russell's audacious assertion that this war is 'fast brutalizing the North.' I could not help wondering if our poor fellows taken in Tennessee, Missouri, or Texas, were, at that moment, faring as well in rebel hands as the officers then before me; or if poor Montgomery, when just about to be hanged as a felon, could have given as good an account of his treatment as the one I above alluded to. As I looked toward the end of the room, and saw two youths seated on the window-sill, and gazing carelessly into the street below, how could I forget that, if they were Union officers in the Libby Prison at Richmond, a murderous bullet from some sentinel below would be aimed at their hearts?—unless matters are changed in Richmond from what they were.

"The few officers with whom I conversed on this occasion were, as usual, men of much intelligence and refinement. I left them with one sole wish in my heart, and that was, that instead of having to portray them in the character of mortal enemies, my pencil could have caught the features of so many friends and brothers, enjoying again with us the sweets and amenities of social life."

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

We devote pages 552, 553, and 556 to illustrations of the operations of General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren against Forts Wagner and Sumter in the Bay of Charleston—from sketches by several correspondents on the spot.

One of the correspondents, writing from the *Catskill*, says:

"U. S. Iron-clad '*Catskill*,'
Charleston Bar, S. C., *Aug.* 5, 1863.

"One of my sketches represents the iron-clads in their position in the attacks on Fort Wagner and the Cumming's Point Battery during the last two weeks of July. In the first attack on the 10th and 11th, before the *Ironsides* came over the bar, the *Catskill* bore the blue pennant of Admiral Dahlgren, and was therefore the chief object of the enemy's fire.

"We were struck sixty-four times—our smoke-stack being thoroughly ventilated with shot-holes, and our turret and deck well punched, but not materially damaged.

"About midnight on the 19th July a large iron side-wheel steamer, having escaped the fire of the guns of the outside blockading fleet, was just crossing the bar when Captain Rodgers arrested her progress by two shots from our 11 and 15 inch guns. The vessel ran ashore near Sullivan's Island, took fire, and became a total wreck—a warning to all Anglo-Rebels to keep away from Charleston during the present siege."

Another correspondent, to whom we have been indebted for sketches more than once, writes:

"Folly Island, S. C., *Aug.* 1, 1863.

"I herewith transmit a sketch of the exchange of wounded prisoners at the buoy off Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, July 24, 1863. While the *Ironsides* and the Monitors were pouring into Fort Wagner a terrific rain of shot and shell, and occasionally Sumter and the Cumming's Point battery assisted in the reply, a beautiful steamer of English build (the *Alice*), and painted the color of our own cruisers, came down past Sumter and communicating with one of the Monitors; the *Cosmopolitan*, hospital steamer, which was anchored among the fleet below, started and met her at the buoy off Fort Wagner. Immediately upon the sight of the flag of truce all firing stopped on both sides for the rest of the day. The iron-clads were covered with their crews, who appeared to be curious spectators of the handsome blockade-runner which the rebel authorities had chosen to display to our fleet by *daylight*—the first instance of the kind on record.

"The flag-staff on Fort Wagner was shot away during the first days of the bombardment, and they do not now pretend to fly the symbol of their Confederacy. Our batteries for the breaching of Fort Sumter are established in lines in advance of the house upon the beach shown in the sketch. The new rebel batteries on James Island, in the rear of Sumter, which have been erected since we commenced the siege, explode shell over our workmen in the trenches day and night, but do not hinder the progress of the great work.

"General Gilmore proposes to demolish Sumter by firing over Fort Wagner and Battery Bee on Cumming's Point, leaving them to fall into our hands subsequently. We shall hurl against her brick walls 21 cwt. of shell from the heaviest rifled guns at every discharge of our battery."

The other pictures, the General View of Morris Island, showing the rebel works and our own, General Gilmore's head-quarters, the work in the trenches, etc., etc., explain themselves. The *Herald* correspondent writes:

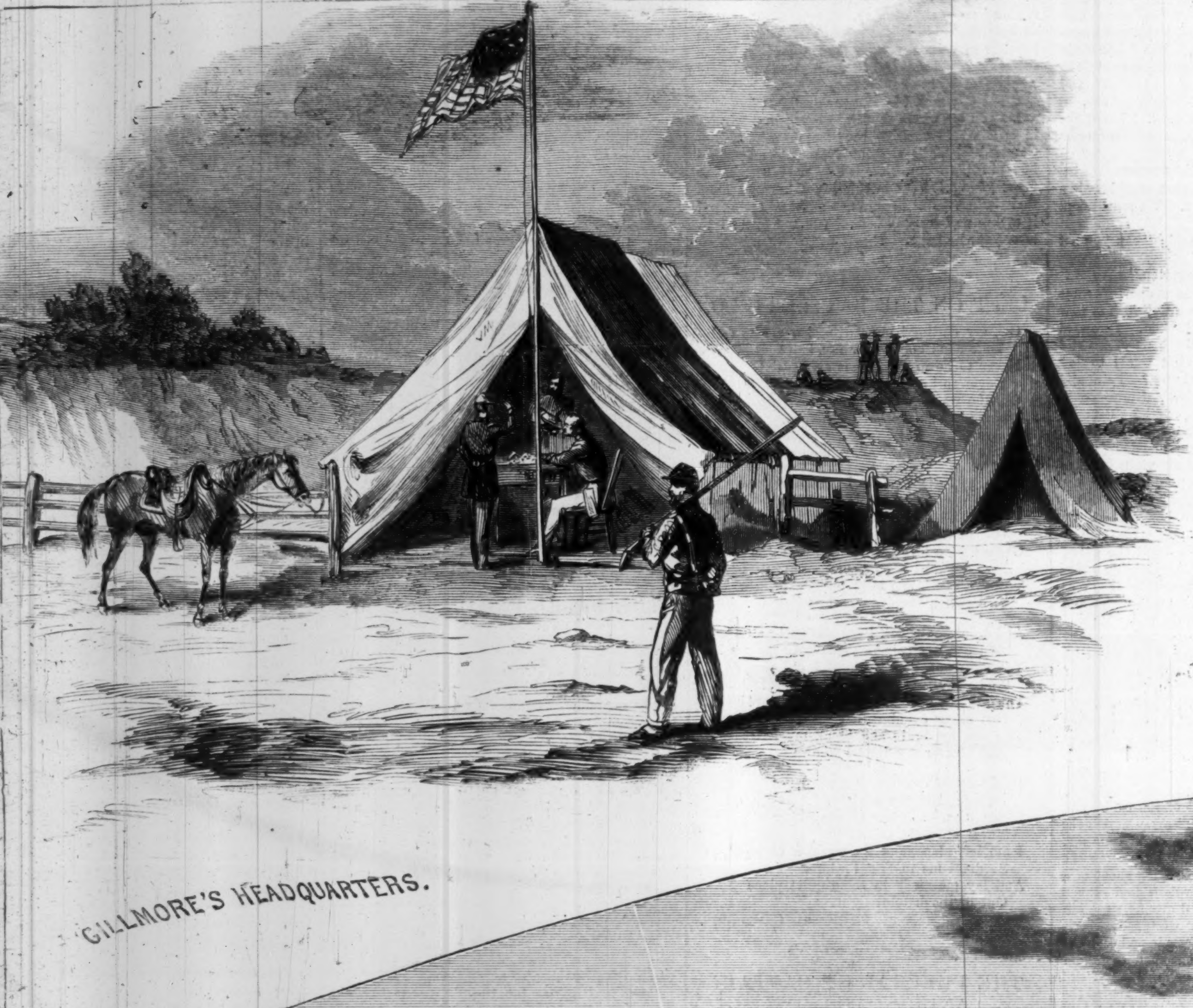
> Operations on this island have pursued the even tenor of their way. We have the usual amount of heavy artillery firing daily, and occasionally a casualty on our side, but at long intervals, and our work goes on with as much regularity and freedom as if the enemy were ignorant of our presence and operations in their immediate neighborhood. Our protective works are now so well advanced that it is only through carelessness or fool-hardiness we suffer any loss at all. The men have shelters against almost any fire; but they do not always care to avail themselves of the protection thus afforded, and consequently limbs and hands are lost from fragments of shells which are exploded over the trenches by the rebel artillerists on James Island and Fort Sumter.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

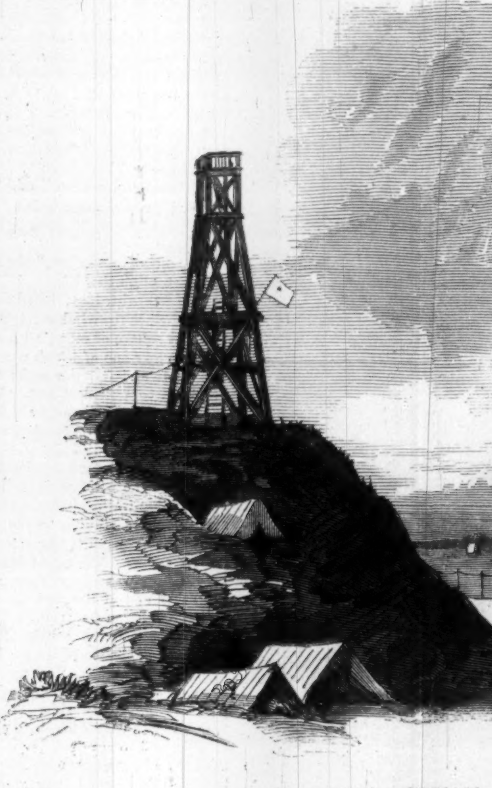
We reproduce on page 557 two drawings by our special artist, Mr. Waud; one of them representing the little town of Dumfries, now said to be threatened by the rebels; the other, General Haupt's Military Bridge over Potomac Creek, lately destroyed by the rebels. Mr. Waud writes:

"Dumfries is an interesting place in the history of the war. Being a mile or two in the rear of the batteries (which the rebels built to blockade the Potomac) on Quantico Creek, it became the dépôt and head-quarters of the blockading forces. It has been the scene of many a savage skirmish; the heights on the north afford a fine position; and last winter the Union cavalry intrenched the position. When the Rappahannock line was vacated last June a large portion of the army, and nearly all of the train, passed through this town.

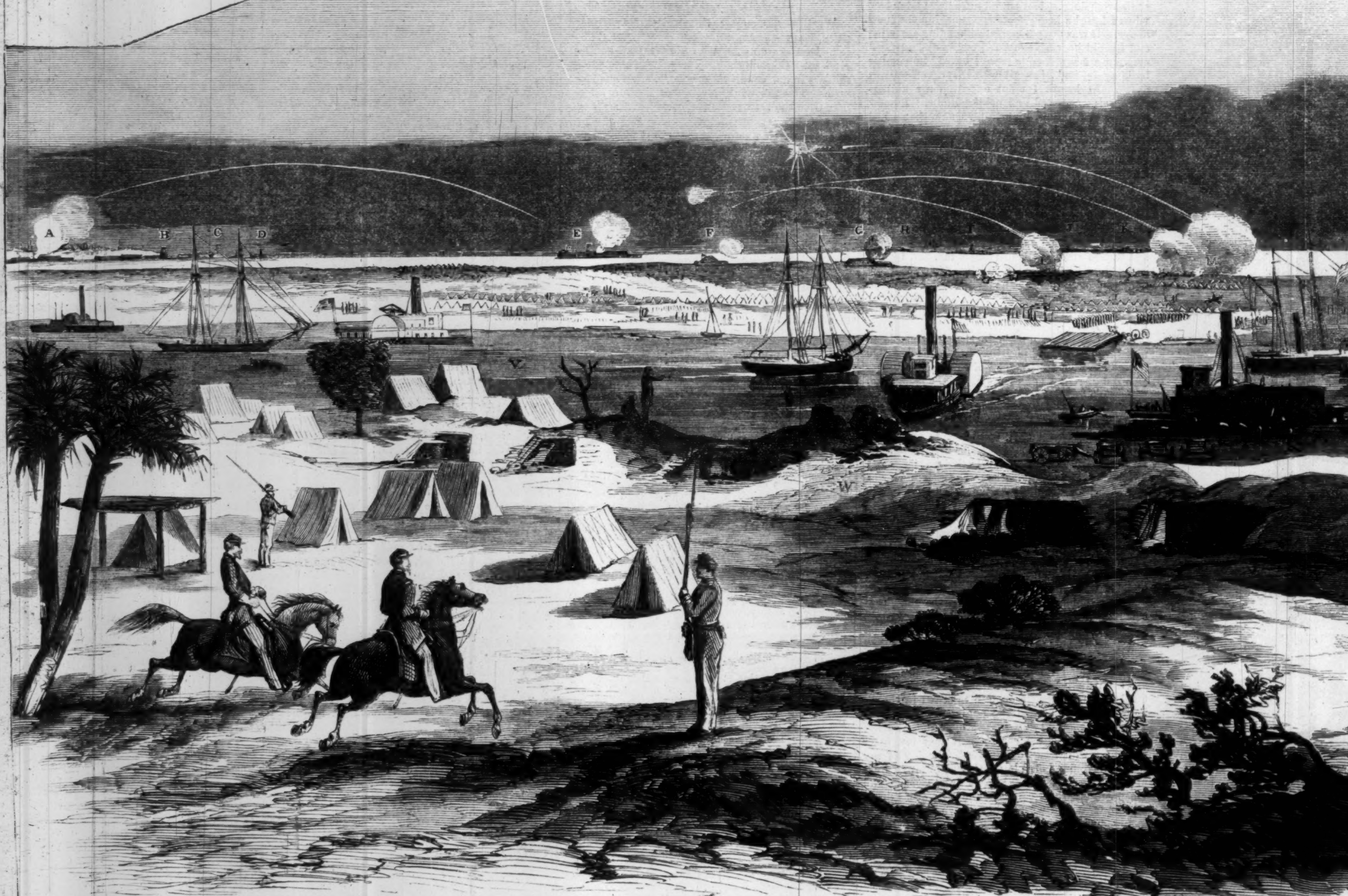
"The Military Railroad Bridge over the Potomac Creek has been destroyed by the rebels since the evacuation of Falmouth, as well as the greater part of the track from Aquia to Falmouth dépôt. It was a very handsome structure, erected in place of the temporary and somewhat unsafe concern first thrown over the Creek. Its height was between 70 and 80 feet, and redoubts were thrown up for its defense; but when the army left no force could be spared for the preservation of the railroad and dépôts."



GILLMORE'S HEADQUARTERS.



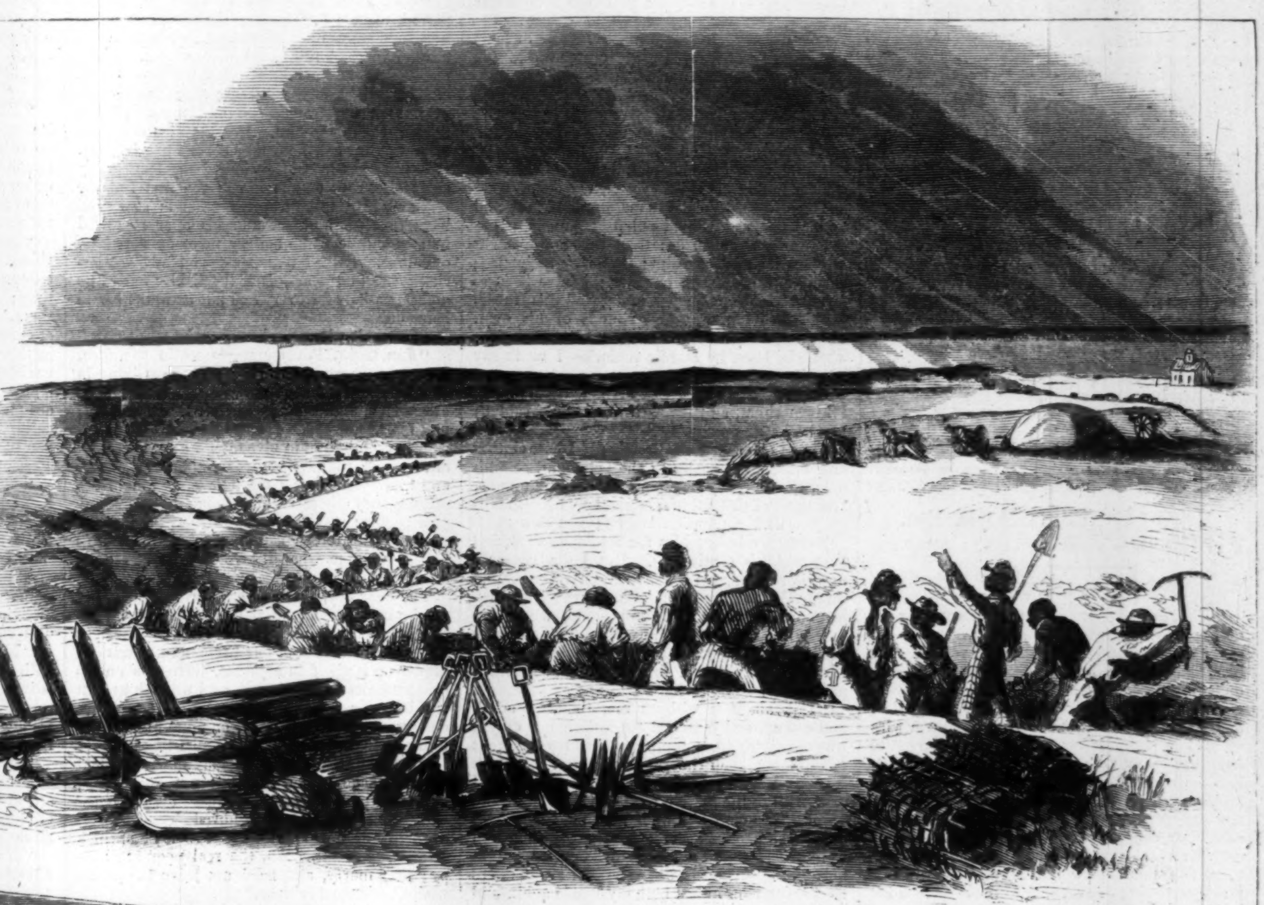
CRAIG'S HILL, SIGNAL



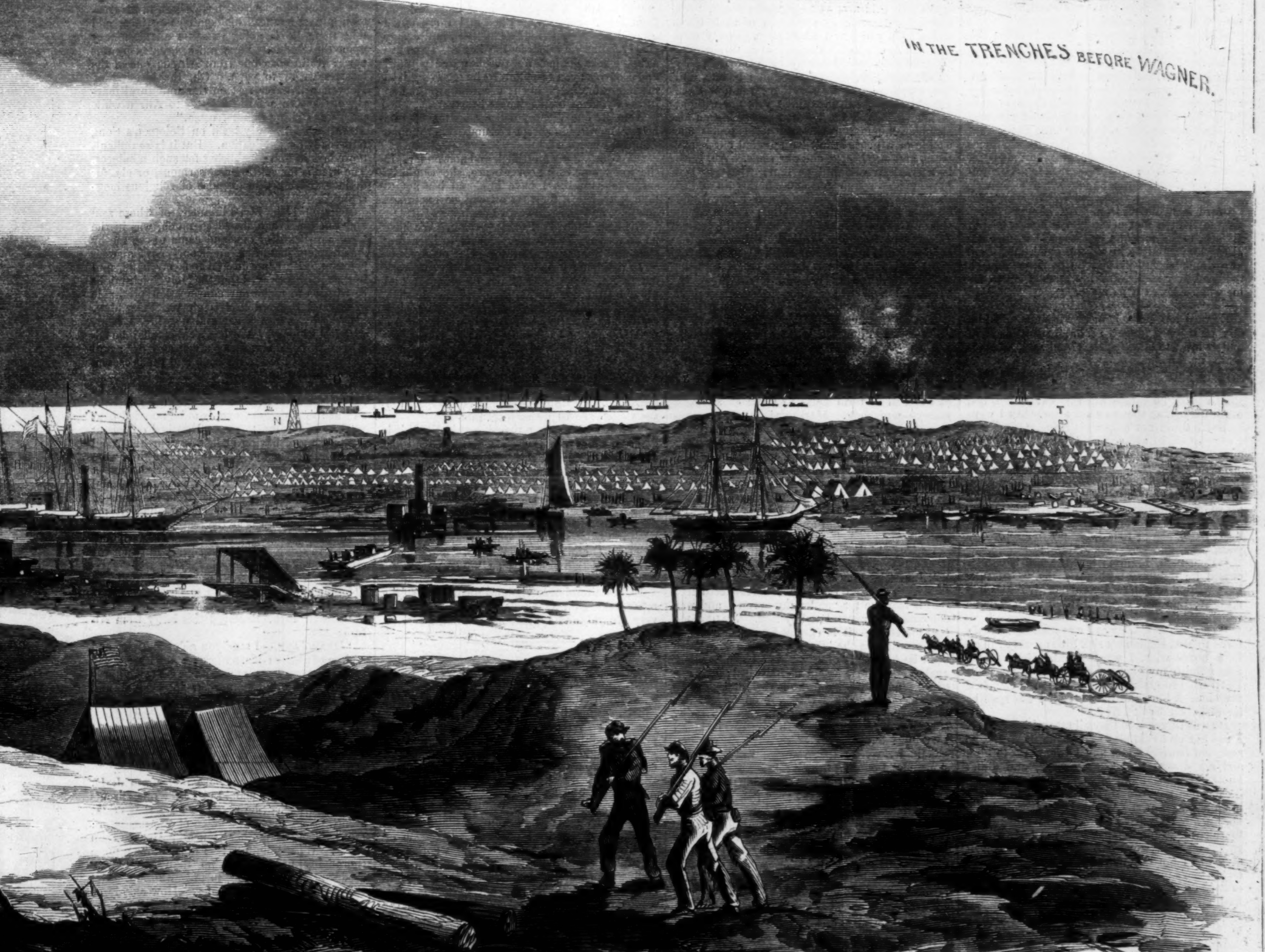
A, New Rebel Works on James Island.—B, Rebel Look-out.—C, Fort Johnson.—D, Rebel Iron-clad.—E, Fort Sumter.—F, Battery Gregg.—G, Fort Wagner.—H, Battery Bee.—I, Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island.—J, Battery

GENERAL VIEW OF MORRIS ISLAND.—UNION CAMPS AND REBEL WORKS—FORT JOHNSON—THE LOWER HARBOR OF

NAL STATION.



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE WAGNER.



attery Beauregard.—K, Moultrie House.—L, M, Union Batteries.—N, Union Look-out.—O, "New Ironsides."—P, Ruined Light-house.—R, Flag-ship.—S, Union Fleet.—T, Gilmore's Head-quarters.—U, The Ocean.

F CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, ETC., ETC.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT FROM FOLLY ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;
And if naught but marriage will settle my fate,
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman *is?*—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all?
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let *me* try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

"We laid the poor proud creature on the sofa, and bathed his face with eau de Cologne. He spoke directly, and said that was nice, and 'My head! my head!' And I don't think he was ever quite insensible, but he did not know what was going on, for presently he opened his eyes wide, and stared at us so, and then closed them with oh such a sigh; it swelled my heart almost to bursting. And to think I could say nothing: but mamma soothed him and insisted on his keeping quiet; for he wanted to run away from us. She was never so good to him before: she said, 'My dear child, you have my pity and my esteem; alas! that at your age you should be tried like this. How few in this sorry world would have acted like you: I should have sided with my own flesh and blood, for one.'

'What, right or wrong?' he asked.

'Yes,' said she, 'right or wrong.' Then she turned to me: 'Julia, shall all the generosity be on his side?'

I kissed her and clung to her, but dared not speak; but I was mad enough to hope, I scarcely know what, till she said in the same kind sorrowful voice, 'I agree with you; you can never be my son; nor Julia's husband. But as for that money, it revolts me to proceed to extremes against one, who after all is your father, my poor, poor chivalrous boy.' But she would decide nothing without Edward; he had taken his father's place in this house. So then I gave all up; for Edward is made of iron. Alfred was clearer sighted than I, and never had a hope: he put his arm round mamma and kissed her, and she kissed him: and he kissed my hand, and crept away, and I heard his step on the stair, and on the road ever so far, and life seemed ended for me when I heard it no more.

Edward has come home. Mamma told him all: he listened gravely: I hung upon his lips; and at last the oracle spoke: and said, 'This is a nice muddle.'

More we could not get from him; he must sleep on it. O, suspense! you torture! He had seen a place he thinks will suit us: it is a bad omen his saying that so soon after. As I went to bed I could not help whispering, 'If he and I are parted, so will you and Jane.' The cruel boy answered me *out loud*, 'Thank you, little girl: that is a temptation; and you have put me on my guard.'

Oh, how hard it is to understand a *man!* they *are* so impracticable with their justice and things. I came away with my cheeks burning, and my heart like a stone; to bed, but not to sleep. My poor, poor, unhappy, noble Alfred!"

"Dec. 27th. Mamma and Edward have discussed it: they say nothing to me. Can they have written to him? I go about my duties like a ghost; and pray for submission to the Divine will."

"Dec. 28th. To-day as I was reading by main force to Mrs. Eagleton's sick girl, came Sarah all in a hurry with, I was wanted, Miss. But I *would* finish my chapter, and O how hard the Devil tried to make me gabble it; so I clenched my teeth at him, and read it as if I was spelling it; and then *didn't* I fly?

He was there; and they all sat waiting for me. I was hot and cold all at the same time, and he rose and bowed to me, and I courtesied to him, and sat down and took my work, and didn't know one bit what I was doing.

And our new oracle, Edward, laid down the law like any thing. 'Look here, Hardie,' said he, 'if any body but you had told us about this fourteen thousand pounds, I should have set the police on your governor before now. But it seems to me a shabby thing to attack a father on the son's information, especially when it's out of love for one of us he has denounced his own flesh and blood.'

'No, no,' said Alfred, eagerly, 'out of love of justice.'

'Ah, you think so, my fine fellow, but you would not have done it for a stranger,' said Edward. Then he went on: 'Of all blunders, the worst is to fall between two stools: look here, mamma; we decide, for the son's sake, not to attack the father: after that it would be very inconsistent to turn the cold shoulder to the son. Another thing, who suffers most by this fraud? why the man that marries Julia.' Alfred burst out impetuously, 'Oh, prove that to me, and let me be that sufferer.' Edward turned calmly to mamma: 'If the fourteen thousand pounds was in our hands, what should you do with it?'

The dear thing said she should settle at least ten thousand of it on Me, and marry Me to this poor motherless boy, 'whom I have learned to love myself,' said she.

'There,' said Edward, 'you see it is you who lose by your governor's—I won't say what—if you marry my sister.'

Alfred took his hand, and said, 'God bless you for telling me this.'

Then Edward turned to mamma and me; and said, 'This poor fellow has left his father's house because he wronged us: then this house ought to open its arms to him: that is only justice; but now to be just to our side; I have been to Mr. Crawford, the lawyer, and I find this Hardie junior has ten thousand pounds of his own. That ought to be settled on Julia, to make up for what she loses by Hardie senior's—I won't say what.'

'If any body settles any of their trash on *me*, I'll beat them, and throw it in the fire,' said I; 'and I hated money.'

The oracle asked me directly did I hate clothes and food, and charity to the poor, and cleanliness, and decency? Then I didn't hate money, 'for none of these things can exist without money, you little romantic humbug; you shut up!"

Mamma rebuked him for his expressions, but approved his sentiments. But I did not care for his sentiments: for *he* smiled on me, and said, 'We two are of one mind; we shall transfer our fortune to Captain Dodd, whom my father has robbed. Julia will consent to share my honest poverty.'

'Well, we will talk about that,' said Edward, pompously.

'Talk about it without me, then,' I cried, and got up, and marched out indignant: only it was partly my low cunning to hide my face that I could not keep the rapture out of. And, as soon as I had retired with cold dignity, off I skipped into the garden to let my face loose, and I think they sent him after me; for I heard his quick step behind me; so I ran away from him as hard as I could, and of course he soon caught me; in the shrubbery where he first asked me to be his; and he kissed both my hands again and again like wild-fire, as he is, and he said, 'you are right, dearest; let them talk of their trash while I tell you how I adore you; poverty with you will be the soul's wealth; even misfortune, by your side, would hardly be misfortune: let all the world go, and let you and I be one, and live together, and die together; for now I see I could not have lived without you, nor without your love.' And I whispered something on his shoulder, no matter what; what signifies the cackle of a goose? and we mingled our happy tears, and our hearts, and our souls. Ah, Love is a sweet, a dreadful passion: what we two have gone through for one another in a few months! He dined with us, and Edward and he sat a long, long, time talking; I dare say it was only about their odious money; still I envied Edward having him so long. But at last he came up, and devoured me with his lovely gray eyes, and I sang him Aileen Aroon, and he whispered things in my ear, oh, such sweet, sweet, idiotic, darling, things; I will not part with eve[illegible] the shadow of one of them by putting it on p[illegible] only I'm the blessedest creature in all th[illegible]; and I only hope to goodness it is not [illegible] to be so happy as I am."

"[illegible]. It is all settled. Alfred returns to Oxford to make up for lost time; the time spent in construing Me instead of Greek: and at the end of term he is to come of age and marry—somebody. Marriage! oh what a word to put down! It makes me tingle; it thrills me; it frightens me, deliciously: no, not deliciously; any thing but: for suppose, being both of us fiery, and they all say one of them ought to be cold-blooded for a pair to be happy, I should make him a downright bad wife. Why then I hope I shall die in a year or two out of my darling's way, and let him have a good one instead.

I'd come back from the grave and tear her to pieces."

"Jan. 4th. Found a saint in a garret over a stable. Took her my luncheon clandestinely; that is ladylike for 'under my apron:' and was detected and expostulated by Ned. He took me into his studio—it is carpeted with shavings—and showed me the 'Tiser digest, an enormous book he has made of newspaper cuttings all in apple-pie order; I mean alphabetical; and out of this authority he proved vice and poverty abound most wherever there are most charities. Oh, and 'the poor' a set of intoxicated sneaks, and Me a Demoralizing Influence. It is all very fine: but why are there saints in garrets, and half starved? that rouses all my evil passions, and I can not bear it; it *is* no use."

"Jan. 6th. Once a gay day; but now a sad one. Mamma gone to see poor papa, where he is. Alfred found me sorrowful, and rested my forehead on his shoulder; that soothed me while it lasted. I think I should like to grow there. Mem.! to burn this diary; and never let a creature see a syllable.

As soon as he was gone, prayed earnestly on my knees not to make an idol of him. For it is our poor idols that are destroyed for *our* weakness. Which really I can not quite see the justice of."

"Jan. 8th. Jane does not approve my proposal that we should praise now and then at the same hour instead of always praying. The dear girl sends me her unconverted diary 'to show me she is "a brand."' I have read most of it. But really it seems to me she was always goodish: only she went to parties, and read novels, and enjoyed society.

There, I have finished it: and, oh dear, how like her *un*converted diary is to my *con*verted one!"

"Jan. 14th. A sorrowful day: he and I parted, after a fortnight of the tenderest affection, and that mutual respect, without which neither of *us*, I think, could love long. I had resolved to be very brave; but we were alone, and his bright face looked so sad; the change in it took me by surprise and my resolution failed; I clung to him. If gentlemen could interpret as we can he would never have left me. It is better as it is. He kissed my tears away as fast as they came: it was the first time he had ever kissed more than my hand: so I shall have that to think of, and his dear promised letters: but it made me cry more at the time, of course. Some day, when we have been married years and years, I shall tell him not to go and pay a lady for every tear; if he wants her to leave off.

The whole place so gloomy and vacant now."

"Jan. 20th. Poverty stares us in the face. Edward says we could make a modest living in London; and nobody be the wiser: but here we are known, and '*must* be ladies and gentlemen; and fools,' he says. He has now made me seriously promise not to give money and things out of the house to the poor: it is robbing my mother and him. Ah, now I see it *is* nonsense to despise money: here I come home sad from my poor people; and I used to return warm all over. And the poor old souls do not enjoy my sermons half so much as when I gave them things to eat along with them.

The dear boy, that I always loved dearly, but *admire* and love now that he has turned an intolerable tyrant, and he used to be Wax, has put down two maids out of our three, and brings our dinner up himself in a jacket, then puts on his coat and sits down with us, and we sigh at him and he grins and derides us; he does not care one straw for Pomp. And mamma and I have to dress one another now. And I like it."

"Jan. 30th. He says we may now, by great economy, subsist honestly till my wedding-day; but then mamma and he must '*absquatulate.*' Oh, what stout hearts men have! They can jest at sorrow even when, in spite of their great thick skins, they feel it. Ah, the real poor are happy; they marry, and need not leave the parish where their mother lives."

"Feb. 4th. A kind and most delicate letter from Jane. She says, 'Papa and I are much grieved at Captain Dodd's affliction, and deeply concerned at your loss by the Bank. Papa has asked Uncle Thomas for two hundred pounds, and I entreat you to oblige *me* by receiving it at my hands and applying it according to the dictates of your own affectionate heart.

Actually our Viceroy will not let me take it: he says he will not accept a crumb from the man who owes us a loaf."

"Feb. 8th. Jane mortified, and no wonder. If she knew how very poor we are, she would be surprised as well. I have implored her not to take it to heart, for that all will be explained one day, and she will see we *could* not.

His dear letters! I feed on them. We have no secrets, no two minds. He is to be a first class and then a private tutor. Our money is to go to mamma: it is he and I that are to work our fingers to the bone (I am so happy!), and never let them be driven by injustice from their home. But all this is a great secret. The Viceroy will be defeated, only I let him talk till Alfred is here to back me. No; it is *not* just the rightful owner of fourteen thousand pounds should be poor.

How shallow female education is: I was always led to suppose modesty is the highest virtue. No such thing! Justice is the queen of the virtues; *he* is justice incarnate."

"March 10th. On reperusing this diary, it is demoralizing; very: it feeds self. Of all the detestable compositions! Me, Me, Me, from one end to another; for when it is not about myself, it is about Alfred, and that it is my he-Me though not my she-one. So now to turn over a new leaf: from this day I shall record only the things that happen in this house and what my betters say to *me*, not what I say; and the texts; and outline of the sermons; and Jane's Christian admonitions."

Before a resolve so virtuous all impure spirits retire, taking off their hats, bowing down to the very ground, and apprehending Small Beer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Extracts from Jane Hardie's Diary:

"March 3d. In my district again, the first time since my illness, from which I am indeed but half recovered. Spoke faithfully to Mrs. B. about her infidel husband: told her not to try and talk to him: but to talk to God about him. Gave her my tract, 'A quiet heart.' Came home tired. Prayed to be used to sharpen the sickles of other reapers."

"March 4th. At St. Philip's to hear the Bishop. In the midst of an excellent sermon on Gen. i. 2, he came out with the waters of baptism, to my horror: he disclaimed the extravagant view some of them take; then hankering after what he denied, and then partly unsaid *that* too. While the poor man was trimming his sails, I slunk behind a pillar in the corner of my pew, and fell on my knees, and prayed against the stream of poison flowing on the congregation. Oh, I felt like Jeremiah in his dungeon.

In the evening papa forbade me to go to church again: said the wind was too cold: I kissed him, and went up to my room and put my head between the pillows not to hear the bells. Prayed for poor Alfred."

"March 5th. Sadly disappointed in J. D. I did hope He was embittering the world to her by degrees. But for some time past she writes in ill-concealed spirits.

Another friend of mine, after seeking rest in the world, is now seeking it in Ritualism. May both be drawn from their rotten reeds to the cross.

> And oh this moral may my heart retain,
> All hopes of happiness on earth are vain."

"March 6th. The cat is out of the bag. She is corresponding with Alfred; indeed she makes no secret of it. Wrote her a faithful letter. Received a short reply, saying I had made her unhappy, and begging me to suspend my judgment till she could undeceive me without giving too much pain. What mystery is this?"

"March 7th. Alfred announces his unalterable determination to marry Julia. I read the letter to papa directly. He was silent for a long time: and then said, 'All the worse for both of them.' It was all I could do to suppress a thrill of carnal complacency at the thought this might in time pave the way to another union. Even to think of that now is a sin. 1 Cor. vii. 20–4, plainly shows that whatever position of life we are placed in, there it is our duty to abide. A child, for instance, is placed in subjection to her parents; and must not leave them without their consent."

"March 8th. Sent two cups of cold water to two fellow-pilgrims of mine on the way to Jerusalem, viz.: to E. H., Rom. viii. 1; to Mrs. M., Philipp. ii. 27.

Prayed for increase of humility. I am so afraid my great success in His vineyard has seduced me into feeling as if there was a spring of living water in myself, instead of every drop derived from the true fountain."

"March 9th. Dr. Wycherley closeted two hours with papa—papa had sent for him I find. What is it makes me think that man is no true friend to Alfred in his advice? I don't like these roundabout speakers: the lively oracles are not roundabout."

"March 10th. My beloved friend and fellow-laborer, Charlotte D——, ruptured a blood-vessel at 3 P.M., and was conveyed in the chariots of angels to the heavenly banqueting-house, to go no more out. May I be found watching."

"March 11th. Dreadfully starved with these afternoon sermons. If they go on like this, I really *must* stay at home, and feed upon the word."

"March 12th. Alfred has written to his trustees, and announced his coming marriage, and told them he is going to settle all his money upon the Dodds. Papa quite agitated by this news: it did not come from Alfred; one of the trustees wrote to papa. Oh, the blessing of Heaven will never rest on this unnatural marriage. Wrote a faithful letter to Alfred while papa was writing to our trustee."

"March 13th. My book on Solomon's Song now ready for publication. But it is *so* difficult nowadays to find a publisher for such a subject. The rage is for sentimental sermons, or else for fiction under a thin disguise of religious biography."

"March 14th. Mr. Plummer, of whose zeal and unction I had heard so much, was in the town and heard of me, and came to see me by appointment just after luncheon. *Such* a sweet meeting. He came in and took my hand, and in that posture prayed that the Holy Spirit might be with us to make our conversation profitable to us, and redound to His glory. Poor man, his wife leads him a cat and dog life, I hear, with her jealousy. We had a *sweet* talk; he admires Canticles almost as much as I do: and has promised to take my book and get it cast on the Lord for me."

"March 15th. To *please*, one must not be faithful. Miss L. after losing all her relations, and at thirty years of age, is to be married next week. She came to me and gushed out about the blessing of having at last one earthly friend to whom she could confide every thing. On this I felt it my duty to remind her she might lose him by death, and then what a blank! and I was going on to detach her from the arms of flesh, when she burst out crying and left me abruptly; couldn't bear the truth, poor woman.

In the afternoon met *him* and bowed, and longed to speak, but thought it my duty not to: cried bitterly on reaching home."

"March 17th. Transcribed all the texts on Solomon's Song. It seems to be the way He has marked out for me to serve him."

"March 19th. Received this letter from Alfred:

'Dear Jane,—I send you a dozen kisses and a piece of advice; learn more; teach less: study more; preach less: and don't be in such a hurry to judge and condemn your intellectual and moral superiors, on insufficient information.

Your affectionate brother,
Alfred.'

A poor return for me loving his soul as my own. I do but advise him the self-denial I myself pursue. Woe be to him if he rejects it."

"March 20th. A perverse reply from J. D. I had proposed we should plead for our parents at the Throne. She says she fears that might seem like assuming the office of the mediator: and besides her mother is nearer Heaven than she is. What blindness! I don't know a more thoroughly unhealthy mind than poor Mrs. Dodd's. I am learning to pray walking. Got this idea from Mr. Plummer. How closely he walks! his mind so *exactly* suits mine."

"March 22d. Alfred returned. Went to meet him at the station. How bright and handsome he looked! He kissed me so affectionately; and was as kind and loving as could be: I, poor unfaithful wretch, went hanging on his arm and had not the heart to dash his carnal happiness just then.

He is gone *there*."

"March 24th. Stole into Alfred's lodging when he was out; and, after prayer, pinned Deuteronomy xxvii. 16, Proverbs xiii. 1, and xv. 5, and Mark vii. 10, upon his bed-curtains."

"March 25th. Alfred has been in my room, nailed Matthew vii. 1, Mark x. 7, and Ezek. xviii. 20, on my wall. And he found my diary, and has read it, not to profit by, alas! but to scoff."

[Specimen of Alfred's comments. N.B. Fraternal criticism:

A. Nolo Episcopari.

B. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

D. The old trick; picking one text, straining it; and ignoring six. So then nobody who is not born married, must get married.

E. Recipe. To know people's real estimate of themselves, study their language of self-depreciation. If even when they undertake to lower themselves, they can not help insinuating self-praise, be sure their humility is a puddle, their vanity is a well. This sentence is typical of the whole Diary, or rather Iary; it sounds Publican, smells Pharisee.

X. How potent a thing is language in the hand of a master! Here is sudden death made humorous by a few incongruous phrases neatly disposed.

F. Excuse me; there is still a little market for the Liquefaction of Holy Writ, and the Perversion of Holy Writ; two deathless arts, which meet in your comment on the song you ascribe to Solomon.

Z. And more than Mrs. Plummer does, apparently.

G. Apotheosis of the British public. How very like profaneness some people's Piety is!

C. H. Faith, with this school, means any thing the opposite of Charity.

I. You are morally truthful: but intellectually mendacious. The texts on Solomon's Song! You know very well there is not one. No grave writer in all Scripture has ever deigned to cite, or notice, that coarse composition; puellarum deliciæ.

J. Modest periphrasis for "I like it." Motto for this Diary; "Ego, et Deus meus."

K. In other words a good, old-fashioned, sober, humble Christian, to whom the daring familiarities of your school seem blasphemies.

M. Here I recognize my [illegible] somewhat spoiled by a detestable sect; but [illegible] nature (which she is forever abusing); and therefore always amiable, when off her guard.]

"March 28th. Mr. Crawford the attorney called and told papa his son had instructed him to examine the trust-deed, and to draw his marriage settlement. Papa treated him with the greatest civility, and brought him the deed. He wanted to take it away to copy; but papa said he had better send a clerk here. Poor papa hid his distress from this gentleman, though not from me; and gave him a glass of wine.

Then Mr. Crawford chatted, and let out Alfred had asked him to advance a hundred pounds for the wedding presents, etc. Papa said he might do so with perfect safety.

But the moment he was gone his whole manner changed. He walked about in terrible anger and agitation: and then sat down and wrote letters: one was to Uncle Thomas; and one to a Mr. Wycherley; I believe a brother of the doctor's. I never knew him so long writing two letters before.

Heard a noise in the road, and it was Mr. Maxley, and the boys after him hooting; they have found out his infirmity: what a savage animal is man, till grace changes him! The poor soul had a stick, and now and then turned and struck at them; but his tormentors were too nimble. I drew papa to the window, and showed him, and reminded him of the poor man's request. He answered impatiently what was that to him? 'we have a worse case nearer hand. Charity begins at home.' I ventured to say yes, but it did not begin *and* end at home."

"March 31st. Mr. Osmond here to-day; and, over my work, I heard papa tell him Alfred is blackening his character in the town, with some impossible story about fourteen thousand pounds. Mr. Osmond very kind and sympathizing; set it all down to illusion; assured papa there was neither malice nor insincerity in it. 'But what the better am I for that?' said poor papa: 'if I am slandered, I am slandered.' And they went out together.

Papa seems to feel this engagement more than all his troubles, and, knowing by sad experience it is useless to expostulate with Alfred, I wrote a long and faithful letter to Julia, just before luncheon, putting it to her as a Christian whether she could reconcile it to her profession to set a son against his father, and marry him in open defiance.

She replied 3 P.M. that her mother approved the marriage, and she owed no obedience, nor affection either, to *my* parent.

3.30. Sent back a line rebuking her for this quibble.

At 5 received a note from Mrs. Dodd proposing that the correspondence between myself and her daughter should cease *for the present*.

5.30. Retorted with an amendment that it should cease *forever*. No reply. Such are worldlings! Remonstrance only galls them. And so in one afternoon's correspondence ends one more of my Christian friendships with persons of my own sex. This is the eighth, to which a carnal attachment has been speedily fatal.

In the evening Alfred came in looking very red, and asked me whether it was not self-reliant and uncharitable of me to condemn so many estimable persons, all better acquainted with the circumstances than I am. I replied with the fifth commandment. He bit his lip and said, 'We had better not meet again, until you have found out which is worthiest of honor, your father or your brother.' And with this he left abruptly; and something tells me I shall not see him again. My faithfulness has wounded him to the quick. Alas! Prayed for him: and cried myself to sleep."

"April 4th. Met *him* disguised as a common workman, and carrying a sack full of things. I was so shocked I could not maintain my resolution; I said, Oh, Mr. Edward, what are you doing? He blushed a little, but told me he was going to sell some candlesticks and things of his making: and he should get a better price in that dress: all traders looked on a *gentleman* as a thing made to be pillaged. Then he told me he was going to turn them into a bonnet and a wreath; and his beautiful brown eyes sparkled with affection. What egotistical creatures *they* must be! I was quite overcome and said oh why did he refuse our offer? did he hate me so very much that he would not even take his due from my hand? No, he said, nobody in our house is so unjust to you as to hate you; my sister honors you, and is very sorry you think ill of her: and, as for me, I love you; you know how I love you. I hid my face in my hands; and sobbed out, Oh, you must not; you must not; my poor father has one disobedient child already. He said softly, Don't cry, dear one; have a little patience; perhaps the clouds will clear: and, meantime, why think so ill of us? Consider, we are four in number, of different dispositions, yet all of one mind about Julia marrying Alfred. May we not be right; may we not know something we love you too well to tell you? His words and his rich manly voice were so soothing; I gave him just one hand while I still hid my burning face with the other; he kissed the hand I yielded him, and left me abruptly.

If Alfred should be right. I am staggered now; *he* puts it so much more convincingly."

"April 5th. A letter from Alfred, announcing his wedding by special license for the 11th.

Made no reply. What *could* I say?

Papa, on my reading it out, left his very breakfast half finished, and packed up his bag and rushed up to London. I caught a side view of his face; and I am miserable. Such a new, such a terrible expression: a vile expression! Heaven forgive me, it seemed the look of one who meditated a *crime*."

VAINCUE.

Away at the further end of the long drawing-room Paul Logere was playing softly, sending out deep, full chords, flying elfish measures, into the shadow deepening about him; and in the bow-window, lighted by the single scarlet gleam left in the sky, sat Lillian and John Dacre.

Lillian was of a race that grew pale, not red, with passion; and in moments of anger lowered, rather than raised, the voice. Her lap was filled with flowers massed together—purple and wax-white fuschias, geraniums, broad-leaved pansies, and sweet heliotrope; and it might have been thought that the deft little fingers placing them in the tall vase before her trembled a little, or that the full scarlet lips had paled somewhat. Be that as it might, she gave no other sign of indignation.

John bent over her grieved, half imploring—imploring, not in weakness, but very consciousness of strength, knowing the immutability of his resolve. If she would not yield he could not, for right was with him, and not even for his best-loved Lillian would he bend the truth; and profoundly conscious of this, and seeing with clearer ken than she what suffering her obstinacy must cost them both, as yet he entreated.

But she made answer:

"You can not but know I love you well, since I have once confessed it; but I possess the instinct common to all free-born things. I abhor tyranny—more, I will resist it; and till I am your wife, at least, will dress, dance, talk as I list, and with whom I will."

"Lillian, how much have I sacrificed for you? Can you relinquish nothing?"

"I entreated you. You command me."

"It is my right. You are mine, Lillian—pledged to me, not to Paul Logere. I am jealous for you, not of you. You should hold yourself too costly to be held in his thought, a thing to be won with the seeing, spite of faith and troth. More than that, his misapprehension of you touches my honor; the insult of his careless comment will scathe me also."

He was growing more earnest; she a little paler. She had hung the last honey-suckle over the marble ledge of the vase, and now she was slipping up and down her finger a ring—a great opal, set about with diamonds, and holding imprisoned a tongue of blood-red flame. John marked the action, and knew its meaning.

"Lillian," he said, again, "we must find an end for this. I should not wish you, as my wife, to yield to a legal force what you had refused to love. I can not retract with honor and self-respect. Your own honor and self-respect both demand of you submission. Will you give it?"

"No."

"Think, Lillian. We must be miserable apart."

"No."

Out from the shadow commenced to sound a steady, throbbing waltz-beat, and a wild, wailing strain.

"Think," murmured John, "while that goes on, for at its close you must have decided for us both."

She answered not so much as by the lifting of an eyelash, but sat a listening statue. The eerie strain grew more involved, deepened all about her in the darkening air. She heard the coming woe all about her, fancied it every where—in the shadow, in the sickening fragrance of the flowers, in the dreadful music—knew that later she must feel it, but could not now, for very pride and stoniness of heart. The waltz grew in fire and passion. It sounded out loudly, and inwove with itself strange and unimaginable harmonies; but through it all throbbed the steady waltz-beat, like the pendulum of some merciless clock, counting off the moments between her and misery.

On a sudden she turned hastily, thinking that John had spoken. He was looking earnestly at her, all his great love and tenderness springing up in his set, stern face, passionate entreaty in his eyes. The waltz went back to the first low throbbing, died away shuddering, and was silent.

"Do you like that, Lillian?" asked Paul from the shadow.

"Your answer!" demanded the low voice in her ear.

Something dropped into his hand. He held it close to the window, and in the fading light flashed out the fitful flame of her opal ring—her betrothal ring; and brushing past him, she had gone over to Paul, saying something lightly in praise, and he had answered in an undertone, and was playing it again, she, meanwhile, calmly listening.

At that John, stung into life and motion, dropped the ring from the hand in which she had left it and ground it under his heel.

Later on, when they had brought in lights, Paul caught the sparkle of something on the carpet, and picked up fragments of gold and an opal broken in two.

Lute Pina exclaimed:

"Why, Lillie, it is your ring! What an omen! Child, how could you be so careless?"

Paul, remembering the twilight sitting in the window, and a certain odd light in Lillian's eyes as she stood by him, handed her the fragments, with a steady meaning look that could not be misunderstood. The blood flushed redly up in her cheeks.

"You do not understand," she said, coldly, putting her arm in that of Lute's and walking away.

In the morning the —— House found itself doubly bereaved. Lillian had gone to visit Mrs. Grant Baracole. John Dacre had returned to the city; and there were found people who mentioned the facts together, and linked them with the finding of the broken ring. But —— House was too busy with present flirting much to heed that of the past.

Grant Baracole, returning after two weeks' absence with a friend on whom he had stumbled in the cars, found his home seemingly deserted. The doors stood wide, showing the broad river from one piazza, overhanging wooded hills from the other; but a fragrant rustling breeze had hall and drawing-room quite to itself. A work-stand, on which was a child's little braided frock, stood near the window, and on the open piano lay a little purple glove. Otherwise it might have been a mansion dropped out of that itinerant city of the Eastern poets, or one of those little houses over the mountains old, where good children find refuge with dwarfs and bears of an amiable disposition.

"They are below," said Grant, "bent on some mischief, doubtless. Let us go and surprise them."

At that very moment Mrs. Baracole was saying to Lillian:

"How we shall astonish Grant! He has a tradition, you know, that I am not practical."

"Are you?" asked Lillian, absently, tossing the Baby (the ladies had given the kitchen a holiday, and were playing at housewifery).

Mrs. Baracole withdrew a couple of very floury hands from a large yellow bowl that had the appearance of understanding itself perfectly, and made a pass at Lillian, who held up Baby as a shield, whereupon Baby broke into a crow, inciting the two ladies thereby to a furious onslaught on its mouth, neck, nose, arms, and hands, till Lillian, breaking into a sort of Tilly Slowboy chant of "Did its naughty mamma mean to eat its precious, like a dragon as she is?" broke away from Mrs. Baracole's grasp, and danced to the door, and, as a consequence, into Grant's arms, who was just entering thereby.

Grant seized the Baby, flung it high toward the ceiling, and, catching Lillian with his other hand, swung her around face to face with his companion.

"My two pets must know each other. Lillian, this is John Dacre."

Lillian gasped and recoiled. John, grown ashy pale, said, in a harsh, grating voice, unlike his own,

"I thought you knew. We are already acquainted."

Grant and Hesperia looked at each other in dismay.

"What is it all about?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I understand nothing of it."

Lillian had disappeared. She could go down later with a cold, impassive face, but this at her heart must first find its way forth. He was looking so miserable, pale, and worn, and she had sinned against him! She was starving for his love, and he would forgive her, for she knew him. He would disdain all pettiness of feeling; but then submission must come first, and that was impossible. If he had the gift of obstinacy so had she.

At this point came Hesperia with some fuschias for Lillian's hair. A rare woman was Mrs. Baracole. She said nothing about red eyes and the bottle of rose-water that she quietly placed on the dressing-table near the flowers. A little additional tenderness was the only index to whatever she might have thought or suspected.

John, too, had his relentings. Lillian had looked such a dainty little figure, flushed and laughing, with her wide sleeves fastened back at the shoulders, her muslin skirt pinned about her trim waist, her little slippers with their wide heels and pointed bows; and she had so trembled and turned pale on seeing him. After all, she was not stone; but even as his heart was warming to the recollection, sitting there alone in the little fragrant drawing-room, came in Lillian, pale and frozen in look, and sat down at the piano, the readiest means of avoiding a *tête-à-tête;* but once there some evil demon prompted her to play the valse that had sounded the knell of their loving. John got up hastily and went out on the lawn, and Lillian triumphed after the fashion of women who are fond of stabbing themselves to the heart, where there is a reasonable hope of distressing thereby some friend or lover. At supper, however, her triumph was over. He came back serene as of old. There was no shade on the face that looked toward her, no bitterness of tone or manner; only hateful kindness; so Lillian chose to term it.

In the evening her evil angel sent her aid in the shape of Paul Logere, who had followed her to G——. Lillian met him with both hands outstretched; talked with him apart in the shadow of the piazza; sang with him; suffered his crisp curls to brush her cheeks, his fingers to meet hers. John saw, and divined what he did not see, for love makes us seers; revenged himself with a single pained and pitying look that haunted Lillian all night.

The following evening Grant came back from the city alone. John was trying a new horse, and thought best to drive up by himself. "He had no fancy," he said, "for risking a neck about which wife and baby were clinging."

The night set in stormily, and no John. The hills looked dim ghosts, the sky low and lead-colored, water sullen and motionless. Grant could not hide his uneasiness. Lillian sat in the window in utter silence, straining her eyes out into the growing darkness. Hesperia came once and took her hand, but she drew it away quickly.

"There is no need," she said, haughtily.

The clock struck nine, and as the last stroke rung out from the mantle wheels came crunching up the gravel.

"He has come!" cried Grant, starting up, but Hesperia held him back, for Lillian had left the window, and was through the hall and down the steps like a spirit, crying out:

"John, is it you? Are you quite safe? We have been in such dread."

Her voice trembled, her eyes were brimming. In her excitement she had gone straight up to John and laid her hand on his arm; but when, though scarcely able to credit his senses, he joyfully seized the hand and carried it to his lips, she pulled it from him angrily.

"You mistake, Sir. You are a human being, and therefore I rejoice that a brute has not dashed out your brains with his heels; but I am not come to lay down my arms."

Her voice rang out clear with scorn and anger on the still air, and Hesperia passing the door could not but hear. Coming in with sore heart, Lillian went to her to put her arms about her, but Mrs. Baracole drew back.

"No, I am too vexed with you. I lose all respect and liking for you, when I see you bartering your own peace and a worthy man's love for such poor pride and spite. No, I will not kiss you, coax as you may. I have no patience with you."

Now Mrs. Baracole's mantle of charity was of so ample a pattern that, as a rule, it covered all her neighbor's shortcomings. Lillian therefore was the more dismayed by this thunder-bolt falling from a smiling sky. The next day she was so penitent that Hesperia found it hard to be austere. She fortified herself at such times with the thought of John's wretched face at breakfast. All that day it lowered, and in the evening it stormed, but Grant and Hesperia must needs fulfill a peremptory engagement, leaving John and Lillian alone. Lillian would have gone to bed, but with her foot on the carriage step Hesperia had said to her,

"I am mortified at leaving Mr. Dacre. You will be so kind as to remain with him till we come back."

Lillian therefore of a necessity took her work into the library. To tell the truth, she was overawed by Mrs. Baracole's sudden development as a shrew.

John had a book and read in it, not as a feint, for Lillian watched him, but with real interest. He smiled occasionally to himself; sometimes re-read a passage. He could not have done so had his heart ached like hers. Magnetized by her looking he glanced up. At that down went her eyes demurely. The clock ticked steadily; the minutes, the only ones that they might ever spend together, were flying.

After a while,

"Shall I read out?" he asked. "Will it interest you?"

Lillian smiled sweetly,

"Oh, certainly!"

So he read to her about the Gelachians, and explained the diagrams, and she wondering more and more at his hardness of heart, felt her own softening rapidly. At last she laid her head down upon the table. At that John stopped.

"Does your head ache?"

"No."

"Are you sleepy?"

"Oh no!"

The no's sounded stifled, and as if issuing from the depths of a handkerchief.

"Let me show you this diagram, then," pursues this stolid John.

"Thank you, I think that I understand them all."

"But this is a new one, and curious."

She must see that her lips were quivering, her bosom heaving, her eyelashes wet and glistening. At that he laid down his book and looked steadily at her till, spite of herself, she glanced at him for an instant. He held out his hands toward her. She did not give him hers, but she did not turn away. So he took possession, and after a while kissed them, this time unreproved. At last, stooping, he kissed her forehead.

She nestled close to him and laid her head down on his shoulder.

"Oh! John, I will do as you ask. I think myself in the wrong. Won't you take me back?"

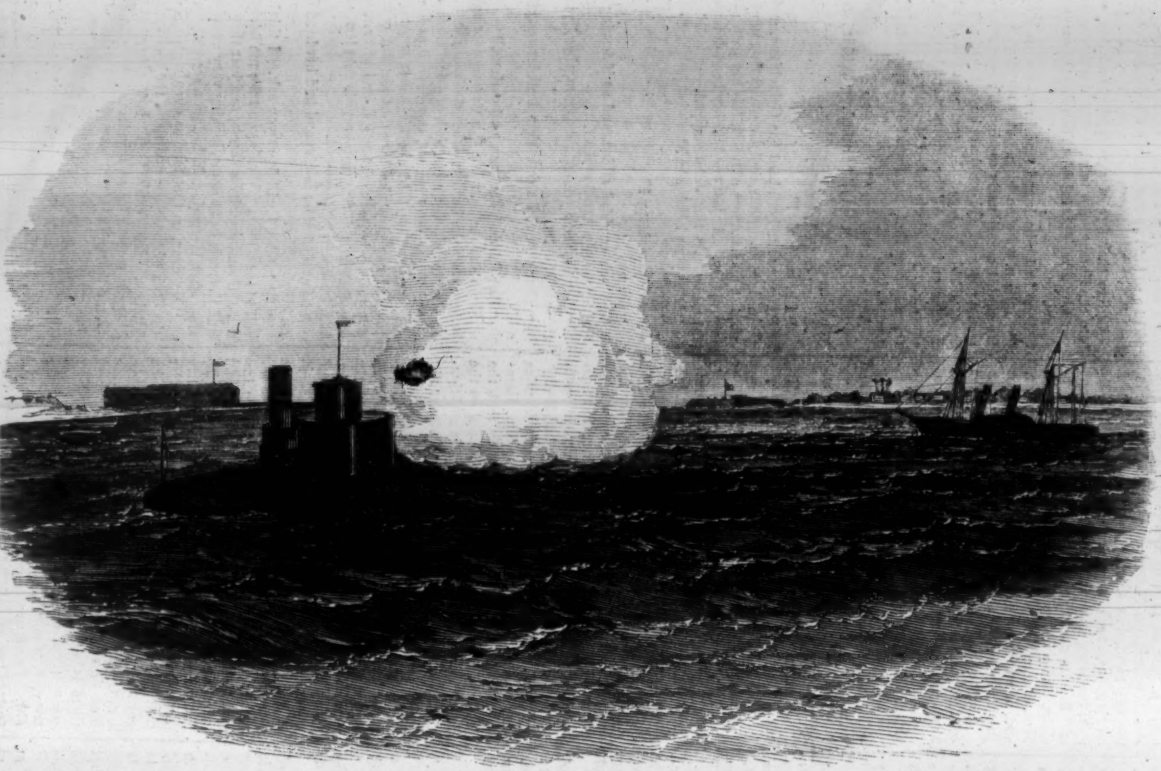
John answered by a caress, and just then Grant and Hesperia came home, looking very arch. Some time after Hesperia told Lillian a secret.

"My dear, on that famous evening we drove to the back of the house and spent the evening in the kitchen. You can't think how cheery it was; there is something so wondrously cozy in bright tins, a purring cat, and a steaming kettle. Grant wished for a lover's quarrel every week."

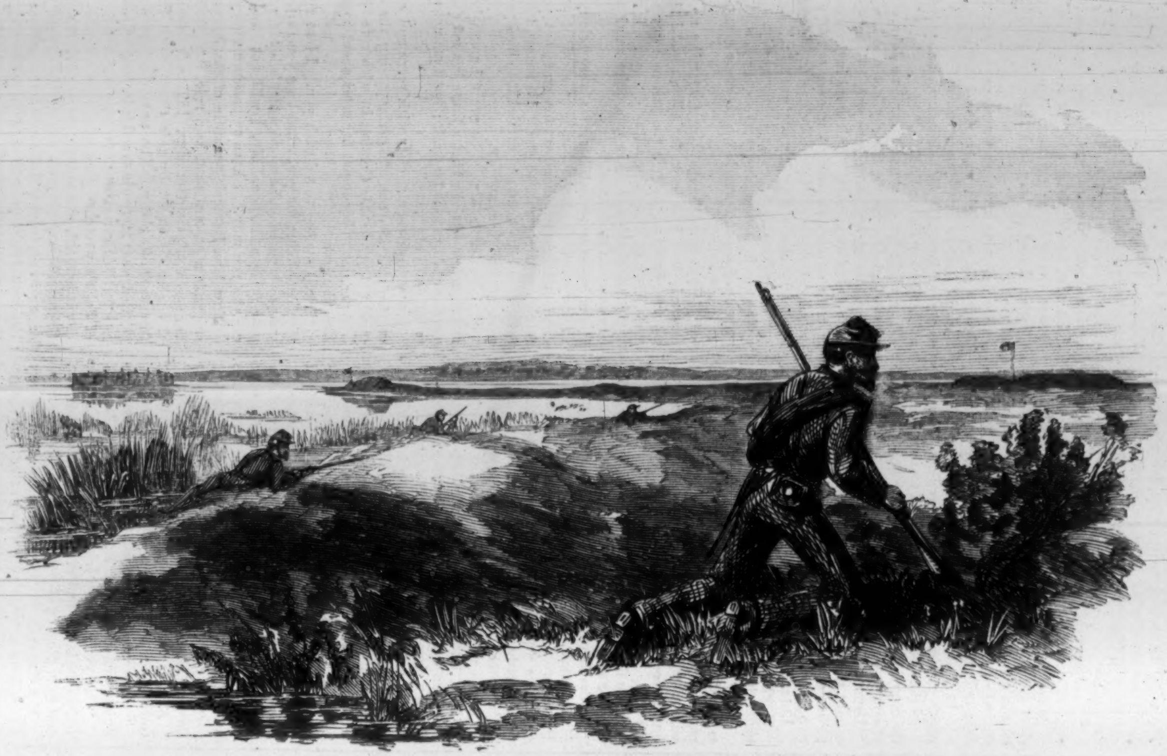
"And John knew it."

"Of course. He was going away, and we persuaded him to make one more trial. You see you were so miserable that we were all sorry for you."

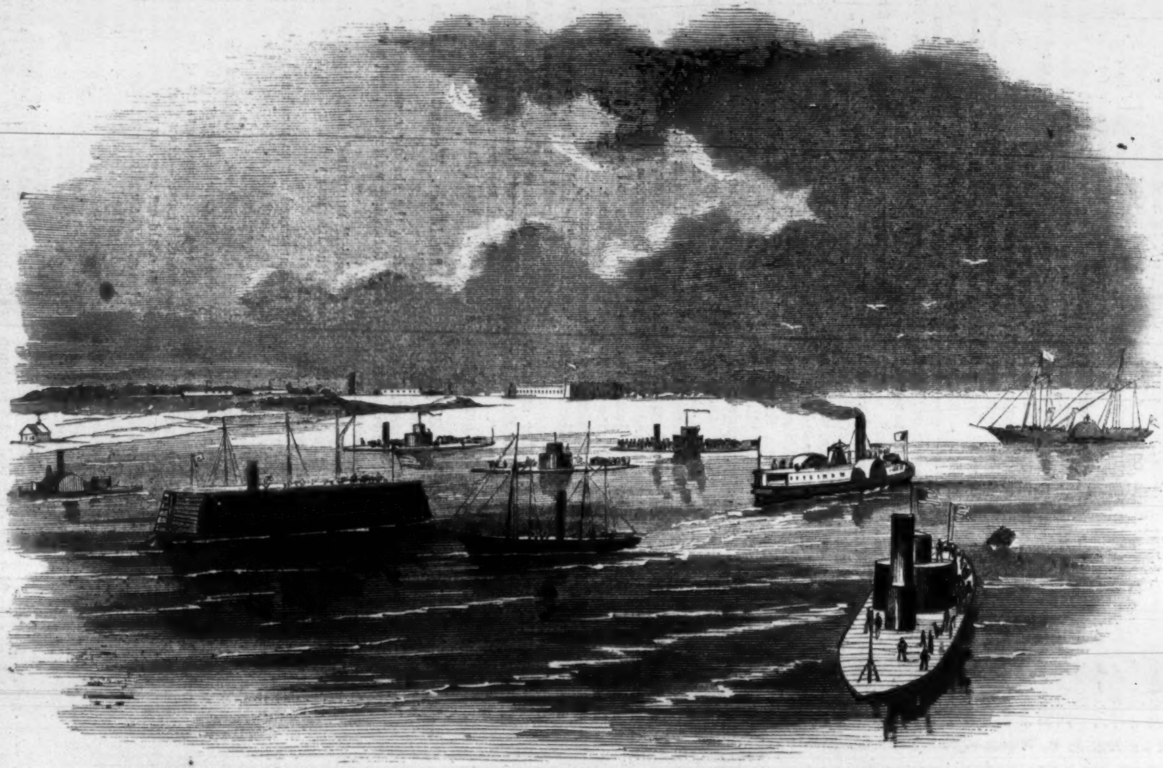
Lillian pouted, but then what could she do?



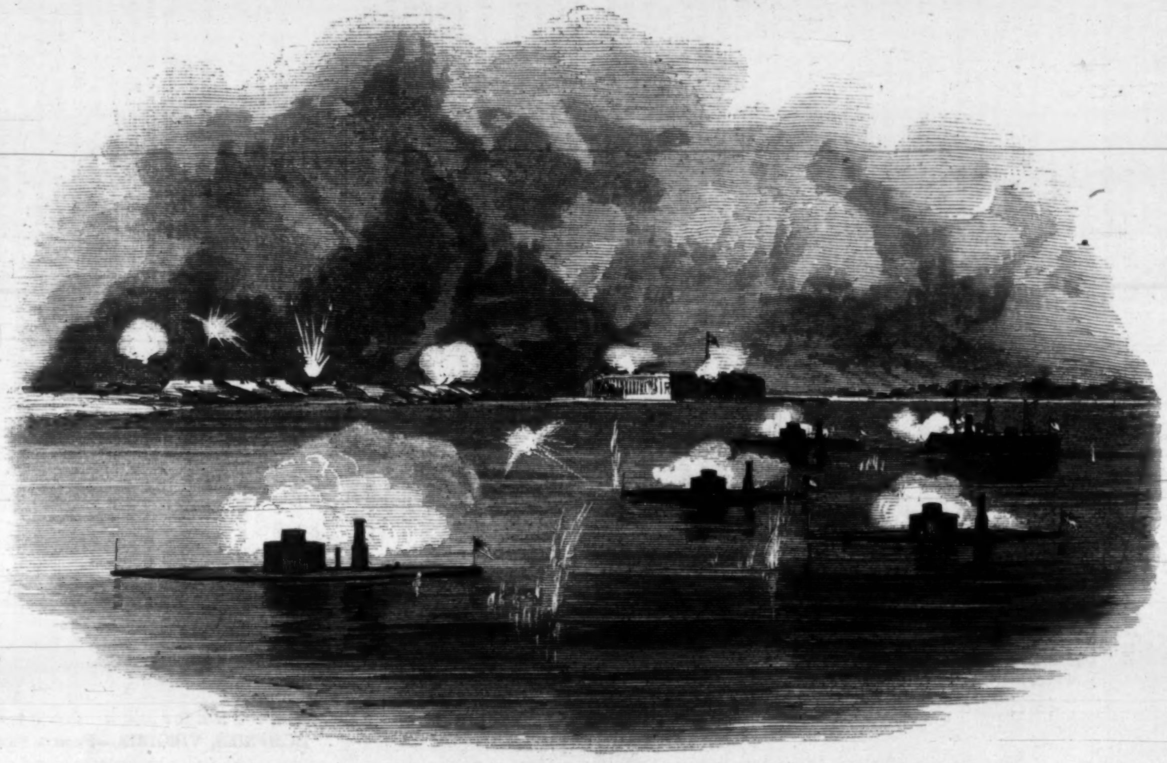
THE IRON-CLAD "CATSKILL" SINKING A BLOCKADE RUNNER UNDER SUMTER'S GUNS, JULY 19, 1863.—[See Page 551.]



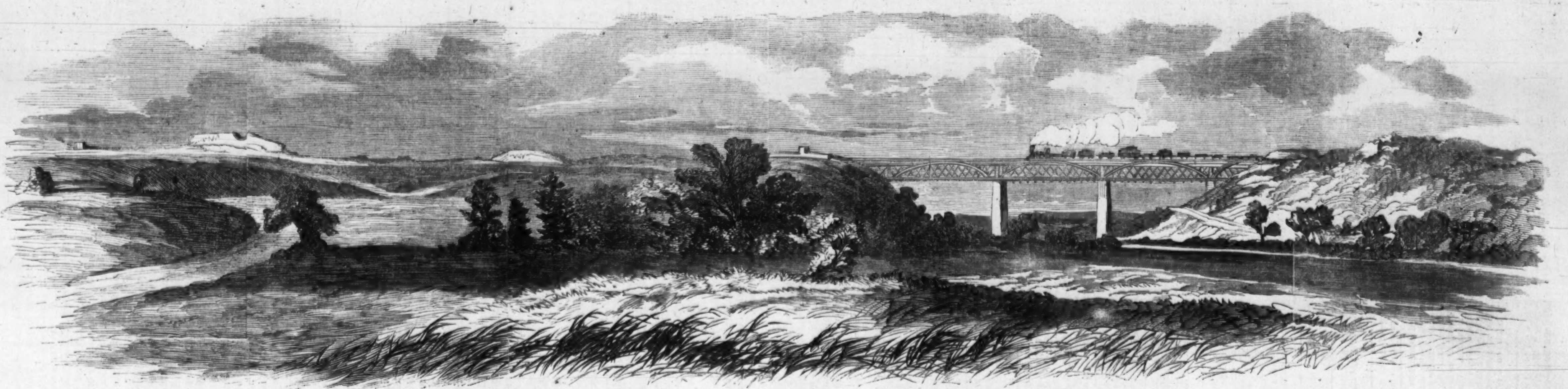
UNION SHARP-SHOOTERS IN FRONT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 551.]



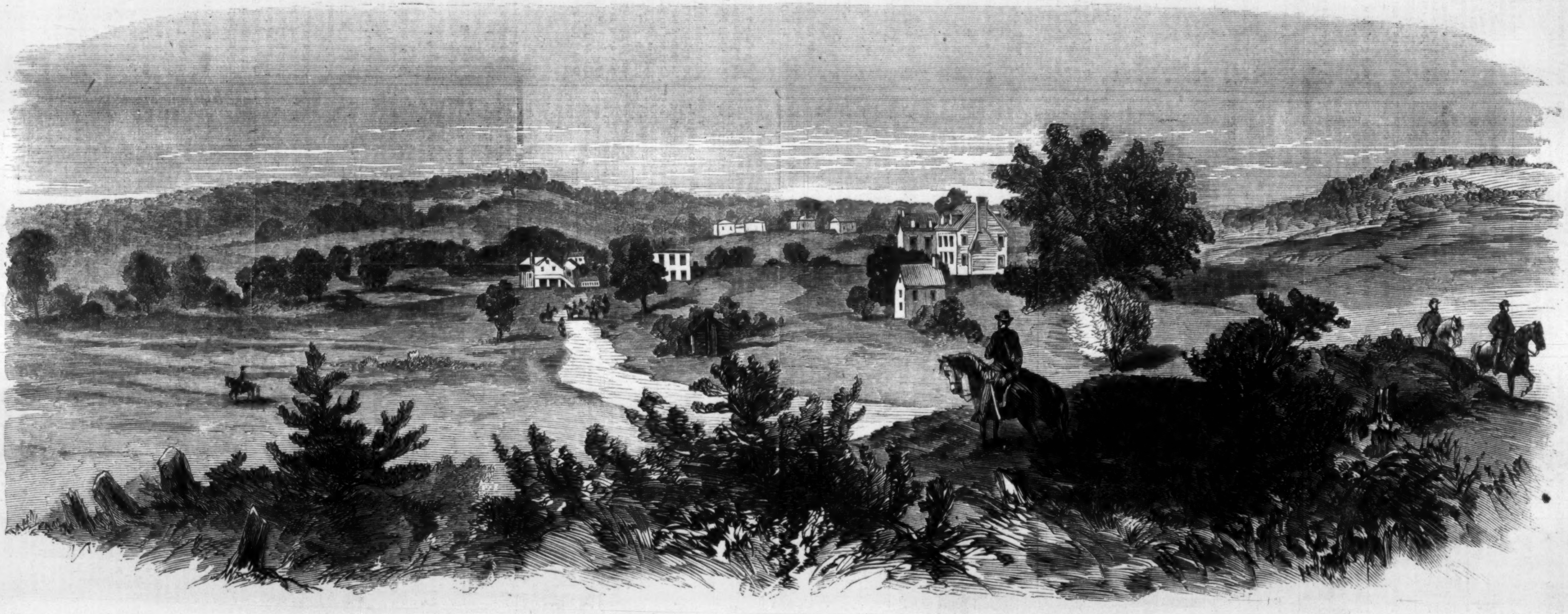
EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, CHARLESTON HARBOR, JULY 21, 1863.—[See Page 551.]



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WAGNER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 551.]



GENERAL HAUPT'S BRIDGE OVER POTOMAC CREEK, VIRGINIA, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.



DUMFRIES, VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 551.]

GRATIA'S FORTUNE.

"CHARLES EVERETT, —th New York ——, shot through the heart!"

The newspaper dropped from Gratia Everett's nerveless hand as her eye met that one line in the ghastly list of "Killed and Wounded," and the blood receded from her cheek, leaving it whiter than a marble statue.

The morning sunshine lay on the purple violet wreaths of the Axminster carpet, and glimmered over the gilded chairs of the dainty little apartment where the young heiress sat at breakfast with her solemn old governess. She was a slight, fragile little thing with large, brilliant eyes, and cheeks just tinted with tremulous pink, like white roses stained with sunset, and her dress, of snowy muslin, tied at the waist with simple blue ribbons, seemed exactly adapted to her pure childish loveliness.

Mrs. Allaire took up the paper and scanned the columns through her gold spectacles.

"Charles Everett — so it is," she muttered. "Gone at last, poor fellow! I wonder what his wife and little ones will do. You ought to help them a little, Gratia."

"Help them? of course I will! He was my distant cousin, wasn't he, aunty?" she asked, unconsciously using the pet name by which she had known her governess for years.

Mrs. Allaire nodded her head.

"Your cousin, child—and your rival for years."

"My rival, aunty? I do not understand!"

"Your rival in the affections of old Colonel Everett, my dear. Ah, you may well look surprised—you have been heiress to this property ever since you were a child, and never knew how it came to you."

"Tell me about it, aunty," said Gratia, setting down the tiny Sèvres chocolate-cup and folding her little hands tightly together.

"There is not much to tell, Gratia, only Charles was own nephew to Colonel Everett, while you were but a remote cousin. And when Charles displeased his uncle by marrying a poor young girl in open defiance of his wishes, and the old man willed all the property which was to have been his nephew's to you, a babe in the cradle, there were plenty to decl- .. an act of gross injustice."

"It *was* injustice," said Gratia, with burning cheeks and compressed lip. "Why have I never been told this before?"

"My dear, Colonel Everett had a right to bestow his property where and how he pleased!"

"Had not Charles Everett been brought up in expectation of being his uncle's heir? Was he not the nearest blood relation, while I am but a distant connection?"

"Yes, but—"

"More than this, has not Charles laid down his life, under the crimsoned folds of his country's flag—are not his wife and children in destitution, while I am reveling in the wealth that should have been theirs? Great Heaven, that this thing should have been for years, and I not to know of it!"

Gratia had risen from her seat, and was walking up and down the room with strange fire flashing in her humid dark eyes. Mrs. Allaire watched her with a troubled face.

Suddenly she stopped.

"Aunty, this injustice shall be repaired—this wrong shall be righted as far as in me lies. I will give this money back to the widow and the fatherless—alas! that it should be too late to render restitution to the brave man who lies on the red field of Gettysburg!"

"Gratia—my child—are you insane?"

"No, aunty, I am only sane. Do not irritate me with useless arguments and unmeaning sophistry—my mind is made up, and I wish to lose no time. Will you send for a lawyer?"

"For Mr. Southall?"

The sudden carmine blazed into the pearl-pure cheek—the eyelids drooped with momentary shyness, but it was but for a second.

"For Mr. Southall, if you like. He has always had charge of my affairs, and is perhaps the best person to consult in this emergency."

"Very well, my dear, I will do as you desire; but I am quite convinced that Mr. Southall will think with me that this is an absurd piece of Quixotism."

"He will *not*, aunty," said Gratia, softly, yet positively; "I know that he will not."

"Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Mrs. Allaire, in a conflicting tempest of annoyance and vexation; "if I had only held my foolish tongue about Charles Everett and his claims!"

But Gratia, wrapped in deep thought, had no ear for the poor old lady's lamentations.

It was a quaint old room that library, with its heavy Gothic furniture and nut-brown carpet sprinkled with scarlet and amber gleams from the stained glass window, in whose deep recess stood the round oaken table. There was a faint odor of Russia leather in the apartment, and a strange sense of quiet rested in every nook and corner.

Gratia sat at the table, one round arm, white as carved pearl and circled with a plain band of gold, resting upon the piles of papers, and the other hand toying idly with her watch-chain, while her wistful eyes were fixed full upon Warren Southall's face.

"The deed, then, gives all unconditionally to Charles Everett's widow and children—*all?*"

"It does, Miss Everett."

"And it takes effect immediately?"

"Yes."

Gratia drew a deep breath of relief.

"You will see that they receive the benefit of this document as soon as possible, Sir?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. And now, Miss Gratia, another subject demands your consideration."

Gratia looked up at the dark bright eyes fixed with such grave kindness on her childish brow, and looked down again with a strange quiver at her heart.

It was not a handsome face—no one had ever called Warren Southall handsome—yet there was a nameless something in the grave eyes and earnest mouth that irresistibly impelled you to turn and look after him as he passed you in the street. People had said, "What a pity, poor fellow!" when he came back from Antietam with the left sleeve fastened, empty, to his breast; but Gratia had always felt a strange secret pride in that folded sleeve—was it not a badge of the Legion of Honor brought back from the rolling clouds of battle, the very mouth of red-throated artillery?

"Another subject?" she repeated, hesitatingly.

"Yes. You have transformed yourself from an heiress to a poor girl—almost a penniless girl."

"I know it," said Gratia, calmly; "I have been thinking it all over, Mr. Southall. I am perfectly aware that it now becomes necessary for me to earn my daily bread. Need I say how cheerfully I shall do it?"

He bowed, almost reverentially, before the clear light of those soft hazel eyes; and she went on:

"There is but one way in which I can hope to maintain myself, and that is to go out as a governess. I know but few people, Mr. Southall; but your circle of friends is large, and—and if you would interest yourself for me a little—a word of recommendation from you—"

Gratia stopped to hide the tremulousness in her voice. Southall was regarding her with grave earnestness.

"I think I know of a situation for you, Miss Gratia."

"Do you?" Her face lighted up. "Oh, Mr. Southall! Do you think I could do justice to it?"

"I have not the least doubt on that head."

"But you know I am so young, so inexperienced."

"Neither of those facts would militate against you," he returned, smiling, although he had grown quite pale.

"Yet I have such a dread of going out into the world. Do you think they would be gentle with me, Mr. Southall—at first, you know, until I learned the nature of my duties? Would they be kind?"

"I am *sure* of that," he said, vehemently.

She looked at him, a little surprised.

"What is the situation?"

"As my wife, Gratia; as the light and love of my whole being. Nay, dearest, do not turn pale and tremble at my temerity. Will you love me? Will you trust me? I should never have ventured to woo the wealthy heiress, maimed and battle-scarred as I am; but, Gratia, I may tell *you* how I have loved her all these years; how my last thought, when they left me for dead on the field, was of *her*. Dearest, I could not love you more, but this day's noble renunciation has taught me to revere you still more deeply. Will you accept the 'situation,' Gratia?"

Something in her eyes had answered him ere he ceased speaking, for even as the words crossed his lips he drew her to his breast with a deep thrill of tenderness.

"My love! my little wife!"

And so on the same day that Gratia Everett gave up her worldly wealth to the children of the dead soldier she found a greater treasure in Warren Southall's love—a treasure which neither time nor change could take from her. Truly "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXAMINATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Why does the fish-hawk build its nest in a tree?—Because it can always find a *perch* there.

A reward of one thousand pounds is offered by a philosopher for the discovery of one single man who ever asked for a "little good advice," and then followed it.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

A VERY SCARCE FLOWER.—The pink of politeness.

"My dear madam, can you give me a glass of grog?" asked a fatigued traveler in the Highlands, as he entered a cabin on the road-side. "I ain't got a drop, stranger," said the woman. "But a gentleman told me that you had a barrel." "Why, good gracious!" replied the woman, "what do you reckon one barrel of whisky is to me and my children when we are out of milk?"

"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honor I fear you have made but a slight repast."

What a meaning and unique expression was that of a young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual in one of our courts not long since. "Arrah, Sir," said she, "I'm shure he never made his mother smile."

"How rapidly they build houses nowadays," said Enos, as he pointed to a three-storied brick house; "they commenced that building last week, and already they are putting in the lights!" "Yes," replied his friend, "and next week they'll put in the *livers*."

People usually consider two hands enough for all purposes, but we recently saw a man who had got a little behind hand.

PENSIVE THOUGHT. In many cases authorship is but another name for *pen*ury.

A cobbler in Spalding writes to his friends in Boston, that by a recent fire he lost his awl. We hope it wasn't his last.

No matter how often you may fall into the river, you won't drown if your head swims.

"My dear," said an anxious father to a bashful daughter, "I intend that you should be married, but I do not intend that you shall throw yourself away to any of the wild, worthless boys of the present day. You must marry a man of sober and mature age—one that can charm you with personal attraction. What do you think of a fine, intelligent, mature husband of fifty?" The timid, meek, blue-eyed little daughter looked in the man's face, and with the slightest possible touch of interest in her voice, answered, "I think two of twenty-five would be better, papa."

"When things get to the worst they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress—when she can not get a new one.

"Take off your hat, man," cried a judge to an Amazon in a riding-dress. "I'm a lady," was the reply; "I'm not a man."—"Then," said his lordship, "I'm not a judge."

How many parts of speech are there?—It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

A few years since, at the celebration of an anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty—it sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate:
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to *mend*."

GLUTTONY.—Here is an extract from a Preston letter—"One of my friends told me that he had met a sexton the day before and asked him how trade was with him. The sexton replied that it was 'Verra bad—nowt doin' hardly.' 'Well, how's that?' asked the other. 'Well, thae sees,' answered the sexton, 'poverty seldom kills. There's far more kilt wi' o'er-heytin' and o'er-drinkin' nor there is wi' bein' pinched.'" There is truth in this.

A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed—"Tears can not restore her—therefore I weep."

Last Sunday little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution-box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

An officer and a lawyer were talking of a disastrous battle. The former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion; when the lawyer observed "that those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

"Permit me to introduce myself," as the oyster-knife said to the native.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size?" as the ten-penny nail said to the sledge-hammer.

"This is what they call a 'fellow' feeling for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping for him in the dark.

The keeper of a menagerie was lately seen beating one of the elephants with a large club. A by-stander asked him the cause. "Why," said the keeper, "he's been flinging dirt all about the tent, *and he's big enough to know better!*"

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I tid not co in te pote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—"I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Denis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left it may go to Terence M'Carty."

What is the difference between a brewer and a flea?—The one buys hops and the other takes them.

An Extract from the Aug. Number of the "Bible Examiner," edited by Rev. GEO. STORRS.—"IODINE WATER.—In this number of our magazine, we introduce to the attention of our readers this medical preparation. We have done so, not for pay, nor because our pages are used as a medium of advertisement—for we have uniformly declined them—but gratitude to God, and a sense of obligation to Dr. Anders & Co., has made us insert the following:

My only son, George F. Storrs, now 37 years old, has been afflicted, for some dozen years, more or less, with painful swellings and inflammations in various parts of his body; oftentimes, seemingly, he was near to death; then a respite for a season, but only for a return of the disease with more violence. For the past three years he has had an open sore on his breast; and latterly one near his collar bone, with ulceration in his throat, that was rapidly increasing, so that dissolution appeared inevitable. In this condition, he applied to Dr. Anders & Co. By the use of the Iodine Water the ulceration in his throat disappeared in a short time. Continuing its use, in less than two months he was apparently healed, and his general health much improved. This son, whom I had feared would fall asleep in death before this Summer should close, is now, apparently, in a fair way to recover as perfect health as is common to our mortal state. In gratitude to God, who has thus answered prayer, and in justice to Dr. Anders & Co., I have made this statement, satisfied that there is virtue in the Iodine Water treatment which the readers of this magazine will thank its editor for bringing to their notice. GEO. STORRS."

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Druggists and Medicine Dealers throughout the country are cautioned against buying or selling certain medicines, prepared by a firm calling themselves
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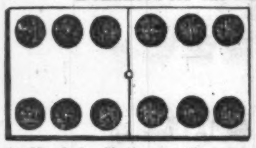

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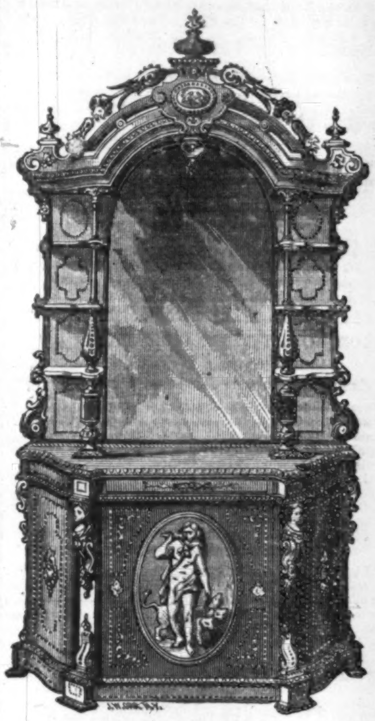

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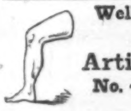

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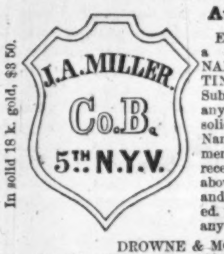

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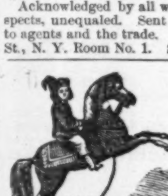

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